

# Woodwind

## WOODWIND

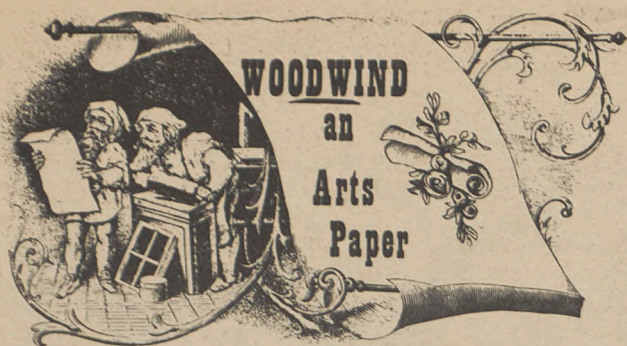
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## Volume 2 Number 7

WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

If you are interested in writing for WOODWIND, call us or write to us. To poets who have sent in their words, we ask for time, as we intend to publish a piece of every poet. There is no such thing as good or bad poetry... only good or bad attitudes toward poetry. Artists, find us, we need you. Everyone, be persistent, and everyone, be at peace.

(a letter once received and many times remembered)  
WOODWIND: Why you wanted to publish this paper, i don't know, i mean if you had your own reasons beyond the imaginable ones of giving and getting thoughts and feelings - but you did suggest that people send in what they felt... and it is encouraging to think that others maybe want to hear even my feelings - but words don't mean much - they can't say feelings - yet i feel there can be an intelligent heart, maybe a feeling mind--- someday when i can make it right i'll send the best i can do with my words to say something from the heart  
thanks for inviting

The following people were responsible for this issue:  
Lee Arthur - John Sirica - Robert Duncan - Philip Bacon - Hank Allen - Mary Reed - Nam June Paik - Peter Shiras - Lou Stovall - Lee Arek - Steve Whealton - Ruth Stenstrom - Judy Willis - Mary Chancellor - Carla Ward - Pete Banner - John Thornton - Mark Warshaw - Robin - Suzy Frank - Tim Healey - Mike Schreiber - Richard Harrington -

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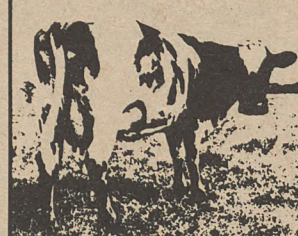


### MAURY MUEHLEISEN GINGERBREADD

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ST-644

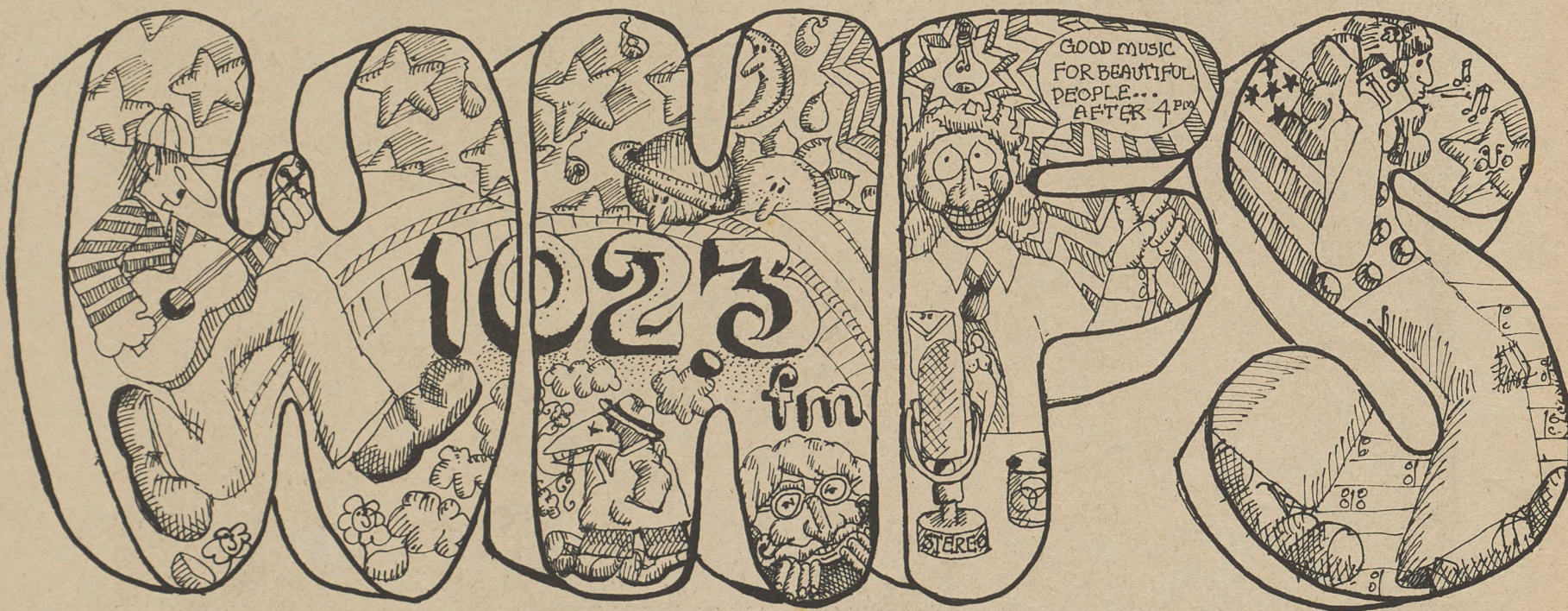
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We have lost. No.  
 we have not lost our way  
 but we have found the way  
 dark, hard to make out, and yet  
 joyous.

What we hold to is no more than  
 words. Yes, it is hard to assay  
 the worth we hold to.

We said it was gold. The soul  
 weighed against Maat's feather.  
 Our treasure, the light, in the dandylion head shining,  
 they would blow out. "See, your heart holds to  
 a lost cause."

The light all but invisible  
 seeds scattered abroad, rise  
 fall upon the breath of the air  
 everywhere and in heavy ground  
 find refuge. This  
 the song of the 'dents de lion' or of the thisledown  
 seeds of a rumor from hearts long ago  
 defeated faiths blown out  
 the ayre of the music carries.

Robert Duncan, from the 1968 Peace Calendar



This was the Christmas card sent home by Sp. 1 Philip Bacon from  
 Viet Nam. If you wish to write to him, his address is below:  
 HEM Co. 170 /APO 136 / San Fransisco



Old Alkali Joe.

It was quiet as Sunday and footsteps. The last horse, the last man, dropping shells into a doublebarrel shotgun. Okay, Senor Joe, bueno okay. "Joe could work, all right. He'd give you a day's work for a day's pay-- when you could find him. But Joe had that wild streak..."

The wind boomed, trembling bright in pieces. It was good green bottom-land but you could still recognize him by those Mexican boots. The world had come apart. Mesquite beer bastard shot through the right lung. The sun shrank and slapped into Paiute squaws in the morning. A campsite, sprinting for the horses, bad whiskey...

Alkali Joe and his kind, they were just passing through, is all. He couldn't care less.

They tried to lynch Joe in Yuma, too, and they run him out of torchlight Dakota hanging bee back in \$500 dead or alive in Butte Saturday night kid shot the bartender. There was a girl back in Dodge, too, there was his initials "AJ" he stitched into the wall with his bonehandled Colt, there was a drunk Indian in Tulsa. Roots snapped. Dust blew into his mouth. Buzzards laughed at the photograph and sold fake shares to schoolteachers.

Joe wonders "What in hell's the name of this town?" with bleached denim eyes and a greasy deck of playing cards.

Thinking: I'm too old for this, behind noon windows knowing he's as good as dead.

Progress slandered behind lawyers and preachers and teachers: Back In The Old Days But Now the women and children up to date pretty soon a railroad kind of example respectable statehood.

Progress?

So they ambushed Alkali Joe on their Main Street, okay, Senor Joe, bueno okay.

All those years no posse had ever watched the sky of stars still warm, two states and the Indian territory, twenty-two days and a trail of dead horses by lightning and puking, prayed on a half-pound of cornmeal. They saw the campfire in the cottonwood trees. He had bad friends. Which are worse than enemies perfume floating in his ear: "Joe take me with you. Gotta get me out of here, Joe, I can take good care of you, I won't bitch or hassle you ever and I'm dying here."

Joe winced. Then he smiled.

The mail train smoked and screamed in the pines out back. Horse tiny sunset mesas rose from the desert floor no one. Broke legs or mined till the rain flashed blood on the windowpane. Then the mineshaft walls blow out at eight feet west shot a Wells Fargo guard at a dollar apiece for eggs.

She said: "Fool's gold."

Joe said: "I expect so."

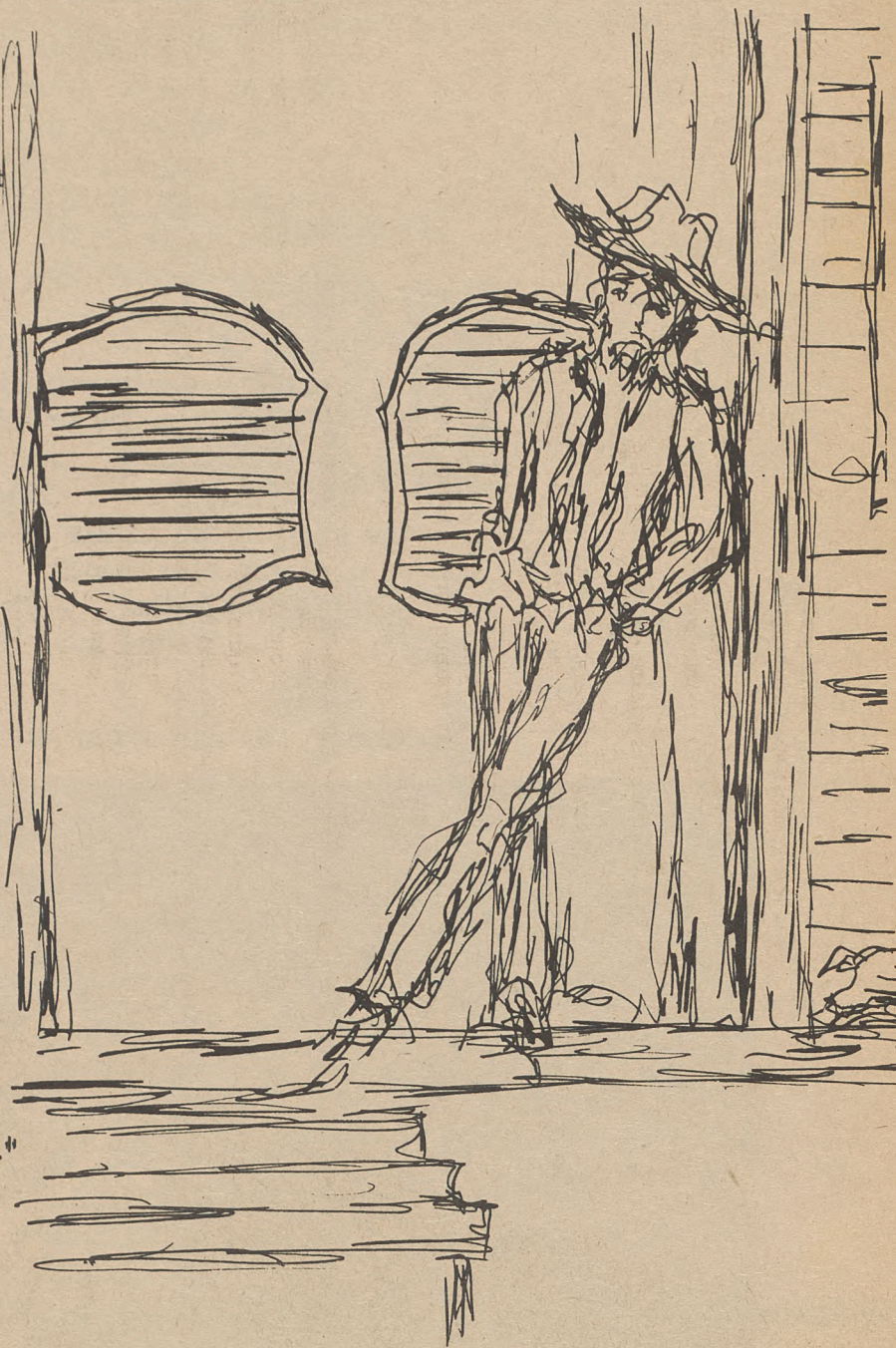
She said: "We could buy some land."

Joe said: "I expect so."

Hooves sucked out of the mud in a whore house prayer, one oil lamp lit in the streambed. Watching him over the fire the Mexican girl bled eighty miles through that sorrel, this tumbledown abode. He lost three toes to frostbite, tomorrow limped only a baby left alive, crying "duststorm." He laughed, bawling 5,000 longhorns crunched through the brush in the rain. Homesteaders, sheepmen... a schoolteacher wrote letters from Coffeerville, Kansas, a Stetson hat and handtooled Cuernavaca boots, blew him right out of the barber chair with a twelve-gauge shotgun he loaded with nails, so bright it hurt. A fool, you understand, "It ain't open range the way it was, Joe."

## ALKALI JOE ON MAIN STREET

hank allen



Joe knew they'd wait till he turned around and ran, till they saw he smelled a trap and he ran for his horse. A windmill creaked. Okay Joe. Lincoln County, New Mexico flashed out a funeral or a bank somewheres. They say a man sees his whole life at the end, muchacho. It took him to die, a thordry sagebrush skull poisoned spring what kind of man alone just to find out Joe had a sweetheart back in Beeville too, bad whiskey and worse women and a good time son of a bitch, he always made the ladies laugh with that snort and drawl of his, looking up under his Stetson hat to see if you knew he was lying. You see it all.

They stood in the moonlight after they fucked the girls from the travelling medecine show, Joe and a railroad surveyor 18 years old and just left home in St. Louis pouring moonshine whiskey over their cocks to ward of the clap and Joe is telling this boy "I never liked killing and neither did most of the boys out here in the old days that I run with at least but they done their share of killing cause you had to. Hell, man, next to those boys back then these ranchers or a goddam storekeeper, they're like water next to whiskey."

But either the Alkali Joes of this territory, my friends, or Saturday night poker and poontang and shot out the mirror come all the way from Davenport Iowa idea of a little fun by dundown, and don't come back for any more fun, you hear Joe?

Something... not in our town, Joe, not anymore. You promised the folks back in Deadwood, too.

And Joe said: "Now don't let your mouth write any IOUs your ass can't cash."

Bueno okay. You hear a click, you think behind noon windows Winchester hammers ease back in storebought frock coats and spectacles and lace-up shoes learning how to fear. The streets faded into desert. A dog watched from under the boardwalk, even before statehood, building coffins, hoof and mouth, the children.

It was quiet as Sunday.

Joe was thirsty and old and his feet hurt and he was scared bad.

Once in California for Alkali Joe below the Monterey bluffs the surf breathed easy. White blew skyend clouds and the horses ripped at the grass and shivered in the blue wild, huge recession, a mystery and Joe stared at ocean smelling sweet horse sweat and said "Damn me! I wonder what's out there on the other side." And once blind and shaking four days in a Nogales jail Alkali Joe cried and promised and begged nothing at all on his knees why? The fat mestizo deputy said: "You're just another bad whiskey cowboy."

Okay, Joe.

"I done honest work and I done work that wasn't so honest. It's all the same to me. One, you do the work before you get the money, the other, you do all the work after you got the money, trying to find someplace they don't know you. Or don't care if they do."

So when Joe knew he'd walked into the ambush it was too late to walk out. So he kept walking. An old dog lay quiet as fear under the noon boardwalk. A loose horse, spooked, cantered crazy around a corner. Two shells dropped into a shotgun. An empty lawyer's office creaked and dust devils played in the wind down the click of a lever action in the parlor. Joe licked dry, white lips. He was scared thirsty. His hands were old. A windmill scoured water out of the desert like buzzard down the click what saloon, the barbershop, the land office walked under what click flashed Joe what flashed Joe God Almighty roared what gut gunhand firing from roofs, wagons hayloft slapping bloodchildren what screaming sprint for the horse hunched down running what knee smashed under bullets under noon jerk kicking Alkali Joe all over Main Street.





# SOME KIND OF LUCKY STRIKE

(like a fissure  
he ignored edges and angles  
only to get hooked  
one exhausting dawn  
to the ledge)

a serious poem about death  
a bad poem about my goodness  
an accidental poem about highways  
a compass poem discarded in search of a bloodhound  
a poem of facts wrapped in a winding sheet  
a rhyme poem weary of disjoint and that joint  
one legal poem incapable of truth  
7 poems in all, and another, and a last with no message

(attach this poem  
please  
to picasso's hairy heel  
and someday  
you will be  
priced high)

at a recent auction i didn't  
laugh because i knew  
someone wanted harder to believe  
than me in a Still-Life  
original which appeared to be  
twelve jars of pickled green beans  
and four or five home-made loaves  
attached by coathanger

(one time i decided  
to discard the fat of my principles  
but all i succeeded in exposing  
were masses of indulgent muscle  
and a tatoo of the Thin Man)

something to read is there  
can you see when it's so slowly done  
like an IBM alphabet ball  
whacking away  
--skip five lines--  
do not progress though  
youve just you see  
latched on to the crux  
of the core of it. Proceed  
to position of Retina-Relax,  
can't you?  
--skip five more--  
very unwell  
she told me about the gap in  
her education and  
the hole in her pocket  
i wanted to laugh  
but that would have revealed  
the hole  
that crater  
of anecdotes in my mouth  
and where would that smile have left  
the trees in both our bodies,  
the green growth there.

(i stuck two fingers unethnically  
V-ward in the air  
and was praised for pitchforking  
people onto a bandwagon  
like some pigtailed harpooner,  
no aim whatever,  
so wantonly stabbing a verb here  
a disciple there on the slave ship  
Advertisement with hopalong Cassady  
on the head line,  
oar-locked,  
or frozen ten minutes to show time  
half the radar field  
already covered  
and no missile spotted  
save for a black child  
goldenhaired of course  
speeding toward  
a rendezvous with the planet  
in its Big Bang womb)

i was down to the nub  
fearful in the shorthair  
but the pitch and thrust were sharp  
i guessed  
and the concert was about to  
even though  
the joints of the headman,  
Manager, sagged uncolorfully  
like the light at the corner  
before the intersection  
to the beginning of the overpass  
to the tunnel with four luck leaves,  
smoking rubber,  
which led to friends arthur or jane  
or malcolm  
or sweet adjournement  
who coupled reversely with gavel  
in the closet well-hangered  
and pegged with sterile prongs which are  
no longer newsworthy  
or even useless.

LEE ARTHUR

## HOLE OF A POEM

See!  
poems are  
easy to write  
(and electorates still flexible)  
because the idea is to step in holes  
and thereby lose efficiency.  
and precision is gutted in  
rhymeless votes like the wierdest  
form which is an excessive  
feel for the cant of "can't matter".  
and style, the hidden tunnel-vision  
spread into simplicity, filtered in runoffs  
of dark-horse compromise, is only  
a gauze truth.  
Easy to down and all.  
Why!  
I remember the face-lifter,  
struggling under the weight  
telling me once,  
"a verse may still harmlessly damage  
those who have, no doubt,  
and no pain."

## Very little really

In a name  
except septic  
reflections off the earth  
into a face  
most often not as graceful  
or tender  
as its fossil,  
a million dreams ahead,  
will be.

## V. and me

took our rest on a half-note  
refraining  
in staccato fears  
over beers  
from the patch over the  
cracked ass  
of our home-made ball.  
i feel like a symphony  
for ten identical harmonicas  
occasionally,  
or an advertisement  
for adlibs  
and nightshade  
sometimes,  
or a garden of sweet-nothing  
rows and random blooms  
never but now

## BREAD AND WAVER

Jehovah the notary  
witnessed my sacrifice  
so he said  
only wondering its mathematical  
grid irony--this meddling graph  
of the divine tumor dancing its  
raw cancerous routine about  
exhuming the costuming of  
the past to open the Ahead Question.  
(declare an aspen leaf and quake in its shadow).  
Can anyone presume? declare it?  
Or dodge the flack of certainty where  
apostles masquarade minus the masks as  
thick pimps and god proves his phallibility  
with a paternity suit.  
(emperor's wring crime froam a soaking law  
book as lawyers clothesline their jockey  
briefs).  
up and up through action verbs we climb  
missing the one fight in all the years  
whose 18 puches threw against the ropes  
of sense not toreturn.  
(but the pavement has worn out before my boots).  
And the Stock Market grins like a grizzly with  
the news that Christ is one good old boy,  
a little wavy yet from last night's party,  
but on the rise.



# EXPANDED EDUCATION FOR THE PAPERLESS SOCIETY<sup>®</sup>

by NAM JUNE PAIK

## GREAT THINKERS

It is a blunder, bordering on a miracle, that we have no, or very few, images and voices of the great thinkers of the recent past on record, especially as the 16mm talkie was readily available. For instance we have hardly a record of Husserl, Freud, Proust, Joyce, Kandinsky, Berdyaev, Merlau-Ponty, Suzuki, Gide, Thomas Mann, Schoenberg, Varese, Bartok, Mondrian, Dilthey, Wittgenstein, Shaw, Valery, Jung, Keynes, Buber—even Nietzsche and Tolstoy lived well into the film age, as did Thomas Edison himself. This negative wonder is the biggest waste of instructional resources, if we recall how much footage of late-late-show movie and Hitler newsreel was filmed. Therefore, nothing is more urgent and successproof than to film the images and voices of aging great thinkers of today, and yesterday, in sufficient and surplus quantity, who might pass away any day, such as Marcel Duchamp, Jaspers, Heidegger, Gabriel Marcel, Ortega Y Gasset, Lucase, Toynbee, Radaklishnan, Ernst Bloch, Niebuhr, Puller, Sartre and Russell. The interviewer should be a qualified philosopher himself and the camera crew as minimal as possible, so that Jaspers or Heidegger can talk as naturally as "Chelsea Girls". An NBC or NET-style expensive film technique is not only unnecessary, but may be harmful for this subject.

## PHILOSOPHY

America has 5,000 colleges, which require 20,000 philosophy teachers. The shortage of qualified teachers of philosophy is acute, especially at the junior community college level. This discipline cannot profit much from automatic devices or computerized quiz machines. The supreme act of "philosophieren" requires a total involvement of the whole personality. Therefore new information techniques such as videotape, film, audio devices, loop techniques, non-linear printing techniques, light art, stroboscope, medical electronics, brain wave transmission should be used for the total conveyance of great philosophers' messages, and for the stimulation of students' own "Philosophieren" and maybe for the preparation of post-McLuhan, non-linear, possibly more iconographic and totally involved 22nd century philosophy. If philosophy wants to recover the hegemony which it held for centuries, the students of philosophy proper should also be exposed to today's electronic situation, instead of to parchment philology.

Needless to say, Jaspers and Heidegger's own explanations about themselves would be a strong means for qualitative and quantitative improvement of philosophy education. This technique applies also to other humanities and social sciences, in which personality and scholarship are essentially combined.

## READING AIDS

Videotape reading aids can also be useful for major philosophy classics in original language and English. IBM is making a computer index of painting related to music. The same thing could be done, if it is not already underway, about the pictorial material on philosophy, although my idea of videotape guides to philosophy is far from the mere accumulation of portraits or birth places, etc.

### h. Mix Media Music

All opera, and all non-European music are mix-media pieces. Videotape is the only legitimate way of study, except for the actual performance. For ethnological music, which broke the barrier of academy since the success of Ravi Shankar and Folkways Records, videotape exerts maximum power. E.g. the acoustical analysis of pitch and timbre (obertone, formant) should replace the outmoded, often insulting pentatonic transcription. Pentatonic is the invention of 19th century Europe.

i. The younger generation is increasingly visually inclined with more desire for the total and instant perception. How would the classic music, including the new serious music, fare in the age of ELECTRONIC VIDEO RECORDING?

The above experiments, plus more Utopian research, are preparatory experiments for this big question.

### f. Music Graphic

In this other kind of "paper music", sound and notation are far apart so that the imaginary double play becomes an integral part of understanding. The listener should know that e.g. Tudor pushes the middle C key for an apple figure on Cage's piano concerto, whereas K-E Welin goes under the piano and eats a nut for the same symbol. This *fetishism of ideas* is piercing through Pop art, Miniskirt and the Fortran block diagram and is a stylistic criterion of 20th century culture. Following the score in the indeterministic music is indispensable in the opposite meaning from the deterministic music.

### a. Medieval Music

source and modern transcription and musicological problems parallel with sounds (stylistic analysis and development e.g. plain chant—Tropus—Sequenze—Motettus) and Neumen problems ("The most authentic performance of Gregorian chant is no more authentic than the Neo-gothic church built in the 19th century"—Besseler)

### b. Polyphonic Music (13th—17th Century)

esoteric polyphonic techniques, indicated with arrows, etc. Ockeghem's 32 part fugue will be properly appreciated for the first time in history in this way—also Bach's Choral Vorsielen, Kunst der Fuga etc.

### c. Classic Music

thematic development, macro-form analysis, interpretational problems, such as controversial dynamic, phrasing, different sources, finger, batton, breathing, various stresses on inner parts Marquante, which often escapes untrained ears, etc.

### d. Music of Romantic Era

By following the proceedings of Leitmotiv on videotape, program music can be restored from oblivion. Also text-melody correlation (recent semi-sensation in musicology, Professor Georgiades' "Schubert Lieder") and the deterioration of functional harmony.

e. Serial and Electronic Music  
Intellectual information concerning the total organization of whole parameter, frequency analysis, and technical information of electronic sounds. In some Stockhausen, Boulez' music, the complexity of score makes the simple following of sound with score very hard, and this "paper music" (in a good sense) requires the paper understanding, since the accurate performance is impossible.

## SINGING LESSONS

Most singing students finish their full college course without playing even once in the opera which they studied so painstakingly. This kind of half study turns them into half teachers. Acting in the opera should not be reserved only for the most talented. The following video Erstaz will enable singing students to taste the operatic situation much more than now, and to shorten the rehearsal time by ten to one, which results in the increased frequency of actual performance, e.g. *Traviata*.

1st film (or video tape) should be made of everything but Soprano part, and used for the soprano part rehearsal.  
2nd film is made likewise without tenor part and used for the tenor part rehearsal.  
3rd film—likewise without baritone  
4th film—likewise without base.  
Film can be projected onto four walls simultaneous to ease the acting lesson.

This method, which has already proven workable in the field of pop music, applies even more to drama, e.g. Macbeth without Lady Macbeth, Hamlet without Hamlet, Romeo without Juliet. A teenage Ophelia can be a co-star to Lawrence Olivier's Hamlet via the screen.

This whole scheme will be much more effective, if 3-D Holography is once realized on the stage.

A simple chorus piece without one part would help the sight singing exercises and a string quartet without one instrument would cut out the rehearsal time and ease the traffic jam—slightly.

## INSTANT GLOBAL UNIVERSITY

Suppose a girl in Kentucky wants to study the Japanese Koto instrument, and a graduate at U.C.L.A. wants to experiment with certain Persian or Afghanistan musical instruments. How would they do this?

The available television (i.e. videotape) would enable the individual lessons for many subjects to be given from anywhere to anywhere. For instance, twenty different music students of an American university could study twenty instruments of a Gagaku orchestra, which exists only in the Japanese emperor's court, using videotape, and then go on a concert tour to Japan dressed in authentic costumes. This would be a major cultural shock to the Japanese, comparable to that of Admiral Perry. This technique applies in less spectacular, but more substantial fields.

### g. Event and Action Music

Often there is no way to make the notation of music except by recording the whole performance. Stockhausen and Ligeti suggested a film of my action music pieces (1959-61) to be used as a score, which I rejected for a philosophical reason. However, for many events music (which exists now in every country in the world) such as Brecht, Chiari, Christiansen, Hidalgo, Kosugi, Patterson, Schnebel, Shiomi, Tone, Welin, Young, videotape will be a useful supplement for their sketchy instructions.

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If revolution meant for Russians of 1920  
electrification  
then the revolution in 1960 means  
electronification . . . mind to mind . . . planet to planet.

a. There are more than dozens of TV stations in operation in campuses here and also, most likely, abroad. A contest of student TV stations should be held, which would attract wide attention from journalism, etc.

b. In addition to the student house organ paper, the student body should use their TV station for news, commentary, etc.

c. In addition to the Year Book and graduation photographs, every student can make a short self introductory speech or act on videotape, which would run on TV in student restaurants or main corridors incessantly. The graduation book can be an Electronic Video Disc, if it gets popular. If we allot half a minute for each student, still we can show 1000 students for one day.

d) It is often said that in the big university the faculty and student body lack interrelation. I urge a simple but effective solution. Important faculty members, especially the Presidents and Deans, should make regular TV speeches or hold discussions with the student body and this video recording should be going on day and night at gathering points of students. A video recording system would also be allotted to students, so that they can also convey their answer to the higher administrative body. Many universities have a \$1m. TV system, and currently it is no more than a "sleeping beauty".

"was vernunftig ist, das ist wirklich, und was wirklich ist, das ist vernunftig" (Hegel)

"What is more educational is most aesthetic, and what is most aesthetic is most educational" (Paik)

e) French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian TV should be shown constantly in the student gathering places. It helps language study (without strain), deepens global consciousness, (again the instant global university), and helps the study of journalism, political science, arts, economics, etc. TBS (Japan) station had a bi-lingual broadcasting system and we are making an enquiry about the present state of this experiment. This makes English speaking people understand one of the major TV stations of Japan.

f) I asked for the catalogue of educational film about music at Stony Brook, Lincoln Center Library, Columbia Teachers' College. The result was very poor. I was in several TV programs here and abroad, which are all untraceable now, in labyrinth. I recall seeing several good music programs, which have high instructional content, which are all lost in the deep sea of TV stations. An international catalogue of educational film and videotape at least, on music, art and philosophy, should be made, or accelerated if in progress. Also a salvage action should be conducted on the remaining newsreel of film including 8mm amateur film fragments of recently passed great thinkers, such as Schweitzer, Buber, Shaw, Camus, Suzuki, etc., before it gets too late.

But even McLuhan misuses and mixes up the words "electric" and "electronic", which have as much difference as tonal and atonal, much less the average academician. In order to focus the attention of the whole academic community drastically to this electronic situation, the following events are suggested.

#### EAST-WEST PROBLEM

As a citizen of Korea, a minority nation in the minority continent, therefore necessarily a cynical observer, who picked up three Western and three Eastern languages during eighteen years of wandering from Hong Kong via Cairo to Reykjavik, I am particularly sensitive about the East-West problem. Reischauer, formerly Ambassador for America to Japan called for sweeping renewal on this subject, from elementary schools on, and surely East-West communication is the biggest task of communications research. A professor in Kyoto University wrote "If West knows about East only one-tenth of what East knows about West, there will be no war"

a) The ambiguity of a Chinese poem and philosophy is better explained on videotape than by any other means. Reflex pondering and rich association of mental process, and calligraphical content and style, original mandarin sound on soundtrack, etc. convey the many parameters of a Chinese poem much better than the current way of printing. This technique also applies to ambiguous French poems of Mallarme, Valery etc. including original French reading.

b. 80% of the family planning job in India is the publicity job, for which artists are best talented. The only way to reach an Indian villager is through mix-media language, which is the avant garde's artist's own language. Meanwhile a first class ad-man would never go to India to live and probably third class talents are getting paid in India at first class rates and are doing third rate jobs. Bizarre vision, unorthodox approach, rich imagination, and, most important, a genuine love of India and a will to study and admire Indian culture—all these make the artist a qualified publicity worker for family planning, and probably more talent for this work will be gathered among artists than among any other group.

g) . . . I was happy with Richard Hartzell's opinion, that my electronic color TV experiments have instructional resource value.

Dozens of playabilities can be assembled to a console and can be distributed to Kindergarten or elementary school. Its educational effects:

- 1) Children are exposed to electronic situations very early.
- 2) My electronic TV shows various basic facts of physics and electronics concretely, such as amplitude modulation, radar, various scanning, cathode ray, shadow mask tube, oscilloscope, ohm's law, obertone, magnetic character, etc. and it is a very pleasant way to learn these important facts.
- 3) It gives the possibilities of electronic drawing. It is better than the light pen because my way is multi-colored and it provides much interaction with the air program.
- 4) Since my color TV is the unusual, unorthodox application of an every day commodity, this stimulates the kids for more original, less prejudiced thinking.

An attachment for 10 possibilities can be manufactured for from \$200-300. The cheapest 18" color TV set costs \$244 retail, which would sell wholesale for about \$180. The total cost would be in the range of \$500.

#### ARCHIVE

In the age of information, the library of the university will become, if this rude parallel is allowed, as active as the Central Intelligence Agency in America. Therefore, besides the above mentioned Jaspars-Heiddeger films etc., the following archive is suggested.

a. The feeling of environment and inner space is not conveyable through books or movies, but many medium to small sized monuments (smaller gothic church, Egyptian cave in Luxor, Stone garden of Ryo-anji Kyoto, even Sistine Chapel) are smaller than a big pool or a gym. Through the multi-projection of color slides on four walls and ceiling the authentic feeling of these monuments is much better reproduced than by other traditional means. For instance, in the case of, say, Chartres, or the Stony Garden of Kyoto, the gradually but constantly changing hues of colored windows or stone according to the time of day and the weather might give more information about the artistic content than a hasty trip with a noisy guide, especially when the sound of the original church chorus etc., is played. Perhaps we could even reproduce the

whole Acropolis in the soccer field. This project has considerable technical difficulties but a company like the Disney Corporation could construct it with tents and travel around various college campuses.

b) A famous art work with various comments by many classical art historians, such as Vassari, Stendal, Goethe, Winkelman, Ruskin, Pater, Woelflin, Dvorzak, Worring, Berenson, Weidle, Sedlmayr. c) Some literary works which are concretely related to certain places or scenery can be recorded on videotape. In that way students can experience a literary stroll with the guide of genial description, learning a foreign language, e.g. Goethe's *Italianische Reise*, Gide's *Congo*, Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, Sartre's *Bourge* as a model city of *nausee*, and Proust's French scenes, Bashe's *Okuno Hosomichi* etc.

a. I found that used computer tape (half inch) is useable on a Sony videotape recorder. Despite considerable loss in video and audio, although it is far below the level of artistic and entertainment use. Anyway, this enables one to record a one hour TV show for \$1, (a saving of 50:1 compared to new tape)—10,000, hours tape of 1960's TV programs will be very valuable for the future. The supply of used computer tape in Canal Street has dried up, but an arrangement could be made between a big corporation and a university, since every month much surplus and used tape is put out of service from the computer. This cheap video recording possibility will also make the recording of on and off campus scenes easily executable.

b. Audio Tape Library. I assume some institution is recording important radio

stations, such as WBAI, Pacifica Radio, WNYC, etc. . . . record these important documents of this century . . . record ALL panel discussions in radio TV stations etc. It can be done cheaply. c. Allan Bryant is a Princeton educated musician, who calls himself a full time music collector and part time composer. This ex-patriot has been recording on tape many broadcasts of New Music on German and Italian radio stations since 1959. He has done valuable world premieres and rare performances but I do not know the present state of his collection. Although it has defects, it is still valuable already and certainly will be valuable in the future. d) Heinz Sohm, a dentist in Stuttgart, has a most comprehensive and highly professional European avant garde archive, from 1960 to date, It is valued very highly among professionals.

#### NEW USE OF SLIDE OR VIDEOTAPE





# Portrait 3

Photograph by John Thornton



# MARK WARSHAW

We met where fire is made  
somewhere

somewhere a hammer is thrust  
thru the air a clean hit is heard

We met between silent strains of amber dusk  
when the world was still  
when the world was still kind  
enough to attract me

we met in another's dream  
making love in his right eye  
a tear  
ours or his  
there is no difference  
between passion and need  
except love

we met and followed the roadsigns  
and sailed memory across the sky or sea  
in half empty beer bottles  
in half full romance  
and we never knew  
all a flower's glory  
or the dawn experience  
or each other

I, man  
yet father  
yet child  
baptized in pools of semen  
floating through moaning bedrooms  
where she sweated yes in his head  
yes yes until he slipped into her  
into her carefully woven lair  
and sired a man-to-be  
I  
living me  
leaving the three hundred other me's  
I have been  
beside stained sheets  
becoming me  
yet father of my past  
yet inheritor of my past  
yet child of tomorrow

Wearing the impenetrable paint  
of solitude,  
I leave no dry spots  
on the sidewalk,  
and laugh as the rain comes  
and I run all over the world.

If you love me less  
do not doubt me  
I walk alone  
If you know of better  
go there  
I am naked of harm  
and willing to forfeit our days  
for a laugh  
for you're unknown to Saturday  
and still a child

If you pass my face  
a cold night  
hellosmile  
let me walk from you  
in peace  
away your wrinkled hair  
away your maiden face  
please  
don't ask me to stay

On the road for once  
I thought your face  
smiled from an airplane  
I with thumb pointed out  
looked up  
just saw eyes  
and sparrows



Photograph by Lee Arek

Who will listen to my song  
sing vines connecting person to people  
books becoming invisible mass produced copyrighted  
have no eras even for original lyric  
I can only sing at certain time marked pinheadedly  
on the great human chart life progression existence  
unnoticed even when I scream  
automobiles speeding crompting somersaulting into  
roadside metallic cemetery haven't time to get cutedrized  
from me run over  
I can only sing at special place destination  
man-made where residence isn't required but asked  
should anyone besides inquire request admission admonitions

computers busy jartners in upping unemployment  
sleepily decisioning toothbrush brittleness for beavers  
computing hidden brain cells to understand better Earth people  
haven't room my voice unscientific range of notes  
I have only one song unreliable words yet  
communication must pursue until some entity  
person object composition organ recognizes me  
Should I progress through value articles finally arriving  
facing a people least worth replaceable and still be unheard unknown  
becoming strange to myself I will turn petrified ear



# WORDS BY WEBB

To many people, the name Jimmy Webb conjures up images of hit songs and slick performances by name groups or individuals. A whole new image is going to evolve I hope, because people are moving away from image and towards empathy. It is something of an accomplishment to be sought after for your writing talent, a talent that has always worked for other people and made their reputations. Jimmy Webb has been an important part of the careers of Glen Campbell, The Fifth Dimension, Richard Harris and some others. Now he strikes out on his own, no longer merely a writer, arranger, orchestrator... but also a performer. And he is lucky because he is doing it at a time when people are most receptive to the kind of music he performs. His voice isn't the greatest, at times he is still nervous and somewhat introverted. But a week at the Cellar Door can build your confidence. I know of no other club that touches the positive professional qualities of the Door, from a superb sound system to theatrically-derived lighting (that works with the act) to friendly people, both those who work there and those who go to be entertained. The audience for Webb understood that they were seeing a poet and lyricist still learning, but working hard to please them and to share his thoughts. And they dug it. They concentrated on the words, and they were enthralled by the musicality of the evening. Empathy... that's the word. Jimmy Webb is an immensely likeable person. You feel at ease with him, and with people as gifted as he is, that is a rare quality. The rap that follows below is only too brief, an hour too quickly passed, and offering only glimpses of a very fine person.

WW - In terms of time, how long have you been performing now?

WEBB: About four or five weeks, really. I've done a couple of concerts, like the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion concert in California, about a year ago, which was a disaster. It was a lot of fun, and all the people on stage really liked it (laughter). I don't know about the audience. It was just a lot of musicians -- we had a double band, a double rhythm section -- two drummers, two bass players, two guitar players. I was trying to get all my friends on stage at the same time, and that was an error you know, I should have just been trying to put a really good band together -- but we were doing the whole thing for fun, and we succeeded. We had a hundred and ten musicians on stage. It was really insane.

WW - How long have you been with your present band?

WEBB: About the same five weeks. We started the whole thing performing together. I wanted the sensation of playing in a band, I've wanted it for a long time. I'd played in bands, organ, with high school type bands, but I really enjoyed those experiences. So I put this band together, also for recording, because now that I've played with them for four or five weeks, I realize that you should really record with the same musicians that you play live with. We could probably cut better tracks than I did on this first album, which two of us did, Freddie and myself, multi-track, one track at a time on a sixteen track, and it was hell mixing it. It's true what they say about sixteen track, in the sense that it's very difficult to make decisions; you hold off making some decisions until the last minute -- while you're mixing you're still trying to perform it. So that was a real headache, and I think it tends to give the album a kind of monochromatic sound, when two people work on it. We did a better job, though, than if it had only been one of us, because we played our ideas against each other. Still, after playing the same songs that we cut on the album, playing them on the road, in clubs, feeling what happens when a band really grabs hold of a song, really starts playing it out... It's the individual musician reacting to the song differently each night and having to entertain themselves, and when four musicians are trying to entertain themselves, I think it's inevitable that they'll start entertaining other people; they'll be doing things, reacting to each other on stage, and that's what I want to take into the studio next time.

WW: Looking back on the first album, do you wish you had done it any differently?

WEBB: No, because I feel that it was a learning process, and I'm glad that we did it exactly the way we did it; there were times when we were making it that I was real inspired by what we were doing... I don't know what the word might be... uplifted just by the direction that we were pointing. More than anything else, I think of it as a beginning, and I was never really obsessed by the album's success. I never thought of it as a commercial venture. It started as experimentation. We would just go into the studio and see what we could do, just the two of us with instruments and the studio, listening to individual instruments sometimes, more than anything else. We would cut tracks two or three times, and just throw things out, because we were looking for new sounds, and concepts, I guess... I spent that year making the album really learning what makes a console tick, what happens when you turn that, so it will always be a really positive feeling I have towards that record no matter what happens to it.

WW: It seems that you're going through the same learning process now, working live and with a band. It must be good for you, good for your development, good for your head, because you're not in a static place...

WEBB: Oh yeah, it's a whole different world, playing songs and playing them every night and interpreting them for the moment. As a songwriter, you create a song in one universe, in one time-space continuum, and it's heard in another time-space continuum. In other words, the composer's here and the listener's there, because of the time-lapse between when the song's written and when it's heard. What I'm saying is to the songwriter that creates the illusion of an echo; you create the song here and it's heard out from the center of where it was created. But when you play on stage, you create the song and the listener is sitting there ten feet from you, and as you move the song towards him, he hears it, and you watch his face as he hears it, and that creates a whole different feeling, even about writing songs. It's changed my ideas about writing songs a lot. It's been really enjoyable.



WW: You seem to be gaining confidence, by loosening up personally in your relationship to the audience...

WEBB: There used to be complete spaces of time on stage when I didn't know where I was and what I was doing, because I was so excited by it... so afraid and so excited at the same time. Now I'm not so afraid, I just try not to be so intense, and I have a better time. And then when I start having fun, I can tell right away that I've broken through something that's always been inside me, and never has been the audience. I don't think any performer has the right to say 'well, that was a bad audience'. There are nights when you can't get your own head together to relate to the audience that's in the club, and that's what's happened to me a couple of times, I've been unable to get off my trip long enough to communicate. Since I've been loosening up so have the audiences, and they've been having a lot more fun, because the material I'm doing is such... sometimes I'm even surprised, like at the end of my set when I look back on what I've just played, and sometimes I say, 'You know, I've been playing all my own songs, and I'm kind of getting depressed. I'm not just saying it, because sometimes I really am. I'm thinking back on each song, and so much of the material, even the newer stuff, is so apocalyptic, and the fact is if my attitude is wrong, if I'm too intense, too dark, or too... I don't know, something... mixed with that material, it doesn't give people a good feeling, it gives them a feeling that everything is wrong, that there's no hope, and when I'm happier about it, when I act like I'm happier about singing the songs, then it's good, because they're not all that, the only reason you write those songs is because you wish that things were different. Sometimes I try to communicate that, sometimes I fail...

WW: Do you feel happier when you're singing songs that people might not have heard before?

WEBB: Oh, yeah... They're like my old friends, my best old friends. I take them out of the trunk and I sit them on my knee and I talk to them and I feel more affection for them cause they didn't make it, sometimes...

WW: Do you find it hard to perform songs that have made it?

WEBB: Yeah, it's just proportionately difficult, because for one thing, a lot of time I'm just tired of hearing them, because I've heard them more times than anyone. Once I write a song, and once it becomes a success, or once I've heard it on the radio, that's it... I get as tired of records as anyone, and particularly my own records, cause I'll hear them a thousand times before they're finished, and then I hear them every time I turn on the TV show and for some reason they play my tunes at halftimes during football games. When it comes time to perform one of those songs, I have to say, now, come on, be honest, you're going to sing this song like you mean it, and halfway through "By The Time I Get To Phoenix", I'll find my mind wandering, I mean, I admit it, and sometimes I'll forget the lyrics, not because I don't know them, but because I'm not really singing the song. Most of the time when I do that, I'll do it because there are people sitting in the first three rows who are whispering it, who want to hear it, I can tell it's the kind of audience who would enjoy hearing it, so I'll play it. I'm there to entertain them.

WW: I was trying to imagine you singing "Up, Up, and Away", and I couldn't...

WEBB: I can't imagine myself singing either. Sometimes I can hardly imagine myself writing it. I would never do it. "Phoenix" is a song that I really meant when I wrote it, and that's why I do it. "Up, Up and Away" I could never sing in a convincing manner, unless I could split my voice into five separate ranges. That song is so rangy that a lot of individual performers can't get thru it without changing it in some way. That's one reason I don't do it, but another reason is I just don't relate to it at all, period. Since the first time I turned on the TV and saw TWA's airliners taking off and my song playing in the background, I guess that's when I realized that I couldn't relate to it anymore, it had moved into something else that I would never have wanted it to be. If I could go back and change that, and say, wait a minute, I don't really want this song to be TWA's theme song for a year or two years or for a dollar or a million dollars, I would change it, but I can't. The song itself, it isn't a bad song, I'm not ashamed of it, it's just it was another time, almost four years ago. A lot of those "hit" songs were written a long time ago.



# webb continued

WW: There is a sense of religion in many of your songs. Being the son of a baptist minister, do you feel religious?

WEBB: No, I don't. I mean, I have a concept of God that is totally unrelated to my father's concept. A lot of times I'm not using the word God in a literal sense, sometimes it's used in a satirical sense. I can't play some of the old Southern, white Southern church hymns, not black spirituals, but mountain hymns that descend from the folk music of the Scotch and Irish and English settlers that moved into the Ozarks country, Southeastern Oklahoma and parts of Louisiana and Mississippi and places like that. They're almost always in minor keys, but even when they're not, they're incredibly plaintive and sad, in the same sense that the Irish folk songs are incredibly sad. I had an incredible experience, I went over to Ireland with Richard Harris one time and spent some time with his family. He had an old uncle named Jack who used to sit around a real fireplace in this little pub called Dirty Nelly's in Shannon, and listen to his Uncle Jack sing Irish folk tunes in this incredibly high, beautifully melodic Irish tenor, a very authentic Irish tenor, you know, and there was another member of the family who played the Airean pipe, which is the kind that they squeeze under their arm, and it has a drone, and sounds very much like an Scottish bagpipe, except it's not pumped the same way, and it also sounds very much like the tonal system and drones in the Indian music, and also like the same type drone and melodic minor scales and things of this nature that you find in the mountain music that I've been talking about. And also some of the Indian music of Brazil and South America. There's a whole periphery of music based on that drone and melodic minor scale. These church songs are so beautiful that I can't play them without becoming emotionally involved in them, and I'm singing about God in one of my tunes about "My Sweet Jesus... in the arms of my Sweet Savior, you can rest forever more..." and I mean that. I mean what I'm singing, but I don't know if I believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. I'm not sure if I believe in the anthropomorphic God of my father, but I'm not sure if I don't believe in some over-ruling purpose or intelligence or concept. I know that it all seems so illogical, that it seems so inconceivable that it could have been planned, and yet for that very same reason it seems that it must have been put together. The phenomenon of Man himself, that's the thing that makes it difficult not to believe in some sort of universal consciousness of some kind, some kind of life after death. Or maybe the fact that life after death doesn't matter because man is so incredible that it doesn't matter if man has to die, it's never kept him from accomplishing incredible things.

WW: You've been through a lot in 24 years. When you look back on your youth in Oklahoma, how you see it with your new eyes, as good times as growing times...

WEBB: Yeah... a really good time... a different time... there are images, of my brother and I chasing our model airplanes [which comes back in the form of a song], in this dusty, bleak, God-forsaken little West Texas town called Ludie, with one gas station and one Baptist Church. My dad used to get paid with groceries instead of money. They had what they called "pounding". They would come once a week and "pound" the preacher, like give him his food to eat. They were incredible times. But the only way I can see them is as if they were a long way off, I see myself and my little brother as these two little kids, and I don't relate to me being one of those little kids. It's like a movie that I saw once. It seems inconceivable that we were there, that we grew up there, that we spent literally years there... [talking about high school] in Oklahoma years later... I kind of floated through my school years. I didn't like school very much ever, from the first day that I went. It seemed so cold. I can remember just incredible things happening to me, like being jerked out of the hall, just walking down the hall... I'd gone to the bathroom and I was just walking down the hall, and this arm shoots out of this door and this big burly teacher named Thompson grabs me and drags me in this classroom and says 'Bend over and grab your ankles' and I said 'What for?' 'I heard you out in the hall' and I'd done nothing, I was just walking down the hall, and he like beat the hell out of me... can you imagine that... in front... I mean, just walking down the hall and all of a sudden you're in this strange room and people are staring at you and this man is hitting you with a stick... Those kind of things always happened to me in school... I just hated school. It seemed so cruel, so unfair, and so many people got hurt, I just hated it.

WW: What about college, which you never finished?

WEBB: I had a really great harmony instructor named Russell C. Baldwin, who was a fine concert pianist. He had had an accident in Europe, an automobile accident, and it had reduced his playing ability some infinitesimal degree that only he could comprehend, and it reduced enough that he felt he couldn't play for the public anymore. It was a very sad thing to me. He stopped playing. I can remember times when he would be teaching us harmony and we analyzed Bach chorales for two years and I thought I was going to go insane, and then just when it was getting to be just more than I could possibly bear, he would come into class and say, 'OK, today your teacher is going to play the piano. You may listen or you may leave or do whatever you like.' In other words it was a free period, and no one ever left. He would sit and play beautiful, beautiful classical piano---Rachmaninoff, Mozart, Debussy, Ravel, the most beautiful things that you can imagine, and he played them so well, I would just sit there and ask myself, why is this man not playing on the stage, what shortcomings does he feel that he has? But he called me in at the end of that semester and he said, 'You know, I have two items here. I have your original song, which, as you know, is your semester final. It's very excellent you know'. I had set a Walt Whitman poem to music, the one about "When you are old and grey and full of sleep and sitting by the fire, take down this book and slowly read and dream", and I loved that poem, I still love it. I kind of used a very fragmented, almost Britten-type style, and I really enjoyed writing it, and I got an A on it. And he said, 'Now, here's your semester grade' and it was an F, because I never turned in any homework and I never came to class, except when he played. Then I was always there. He said to me 'we don't enjoy you here any more than you enjoy being here. If you want to be a professional song-writer... he said, if you want to be a jazz-singer, he used to call me a jazz-singer, because I would stand up in class and sing my musicianship exercises, where he would play a little passage on the piano, and immediately you'd have to sing the same passage note for note---he used to say to me "STOP CROONING, WEBB!" He said if that's what you want to do, you don't have to go to college, just go do it.

and maybe that was just the beginning of the story, not the end

"ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!"

( A Bestiary for Our Time )

for B. McL. S.

I

The shrew, the mole,  
The Jerboa mouse's fatal reflex twitch  
Leads toward the claw and then the maw.  
Time and time again  
It is that slightest wiggle  
Of attempted flight  
That all cats know,  
And wait out the fateful moment,  
Stuffed smugful with disdainful poise.  
But slowly moving tails betray,  
And hot mouselust burns behind the eyes.

II

The prey must only move  
To be the prey.  
To move away suffices.  
As if to flee is good enough.  
"Zapped, while attempting to escape."  
The epitaph's the same for quail, or whale, the tundra wolf,  
Or whitetail doe in autumn's grace.  
The hunter's son walks quietly behind the men.  
"Did you see me, boy?"  
I got her in the ass going over the fence."

III

All that's sleek, slippery,  
Quick or quivery,  
Strong with the urge to flee,  
The optic nerve records,  
And reads nothing but the flash of motive flight.

IV

The child delights in the silver twists  
Of the pole-jerked minnow from the cattle pond.  
"Good for you. Don't bring it in the house."  
He hears,  
And carelessly lets drop his catch among the grass.  
I once saw a farmer's son ride shotgun on his father's tractor  
And gun away to right and left at minister birds  
Drawn to larvae in the freshly parted earth.  
(And that's the Gospel truth.)

V

The oceans of the world are plowed in endless furrows  
By the prows of craft farmed out to harvest whales.

VI

The child that sees the cat  
That sees the mouse  
That sees the claws  
(in that terrible last rush of fur)  
Forgets  
That speed and grace are not a prelude  
To the dining on the mouse.  
much for cats and such...

VII

Now men are moving in the night  
Down from the hills out onto the plain.  
And waiting for the light  
Is the man,  
Who was the boy,  
Who watched the cat that ate the rat,  
Who caught the fish,  
Defrocked the birds,  
And dreamed of whales.  
He knows now only that his childhood ends.  
In darkness men move closer to the killing ground.

VIII

Are there whales,  
Somewhere,  
That swim in seas  
Unfrequented by man?  
Or a mouse  
That knows enough  
To know  
That to wiggle  
Is  
To lose it all?

PETER SHIRAS  
Washington, DC  
February, 1970





ultimately there  
is nothing left but the present.

By and large  
the past two gener-  
ations have made such a  
colossal mess of  
the world

that they HAVE to  
STEP DOWN and let  
US TAKE OVER





## American Film Institute Theatre L'Enfant Plaza Tel. 554-1000 50 YEARS OF SWEDISH CINEMA

A glittering retrospective, demonstrating the outstanding achievements of Sweden's great silent directors, Mauritz Stiller and Victor Seastrom, and the lively work of a new generation. Most of the films are new to Washington; all have English subtitles or commentary. The program is presented in association with the Swedish Film Institute and will go on tour to Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. All Performances at 8:00 P.M.

FRI JAN 22 8:00 PM



SUN JAN 24 8:00 PM

### EROTIKON

"This was Stiller's best known comedy, and indeed, its treatment of sexual reactions caused something of a scandal at the time. Absorbed in his butterflies, a professor seems unaware that his wife is spending a lot of time flying around in an airplane with a notoriously amorous baron; at the same time, a high-minded sculptor, also in love with her, grows wildly jealous. Elegantly mounted, beautifully filmed, witty and gay, *Erotikon* presents the only actress capable of outdoing Karin Molander in radiance and wit: the scintillating Tora Teje."—R.R. (1920, 90 mins. Svensk Filmindustri. Also starring Lars Hanson. Courtesy of the B.F.I.) Also:

### THE OUTLAW AND HIS WIFE

The first of three dramas by Victor Seastrom (whose American film, *The Wind*, was shown in our MGM program). Hailed on its appearance as "the most beautiful film in the world", it is still a marvelous experience: a drama of doomed love in the mountains of Lapland. It evokes the mystery of nature—the onset of winter being equated with death.—M.W. (1917, 80 mins. Starring Victor Seastrom and Edith Erastoff. Piano accompaniment. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art and Atlas Film.)



MON JAN 25 8:00 PM

### THOMAS GRAAL'S BEST FILM

At a time when American film humor was still at the knockabout stage, Mauritz Stiller was making astonishingly graceful and sophisticated comedies. "Thomas Graal's Best Film" is an absolutely astonishing achievement—its quasi-surrealistic gags about film-making and script-writing are still as funny and as inventive as they were in 1917. As the hero, Victor Sjöström shows that when he is well directed he has a lightness and subtlety which are only bettered by Karin Molander, who seems to be the most underrated comedienne of the century."—Richard Roud. (1917, 60 mins. Piano accompaniment. Courtesy of the British Film Institute.) Also:

### FARO: DOCUMENT

One of the great documentaries of all time. Bergman, off-camera, interviews the inhabitants of the Baltic island on which he has lived and filmed over the past five years. The film's relevance is universal—as a portrait of a declining rural community, fearing change, yet doomed unless it moves with the times. Brilliantly shot (part color, part black and white), the scenes of the lambing, and of the elderly islanders receiving communion are memorable. Bergman gives the lie to those who accuse him of retreating from the real world: his sympathy and understanding for the islanders is deeply moving.—M.W. (1970, 60 mins. Courtesy of Swedish Television.) This program will be introduced by Harry Schein, who will afterwards answer questions about the Swedish cinema.



### LIKE NIGHT AND DAY

Jonas Cornell has inherited some of Stiller's heartless wit and psychological insight. His second feature accurately captures the dehumanization of urban life and the tensions within a marriage of convenience. Husband and wife are haunted by their past, and Cornell strips

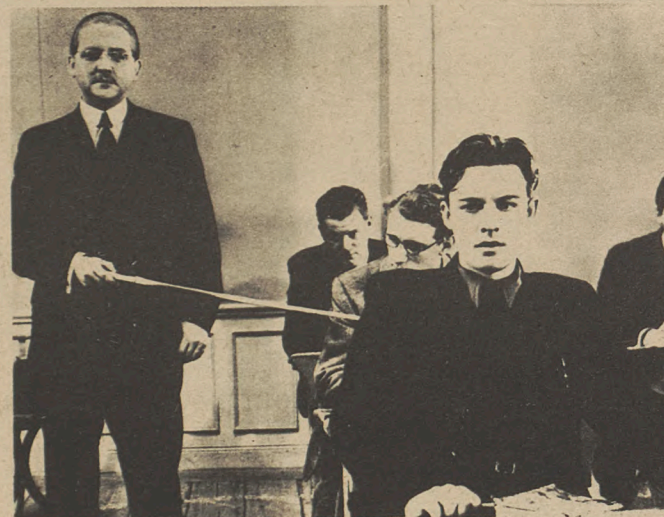
away the "beautiful people" veneer to show how vulnerable they are.—M.W. (1969, 103 mins. Starring Agneta Ekman, Claire Wikholm. Color. Courtesy of Sandrews.) Also: *Piano Lesson*, 18 mins., a comedy about a nervous young man's sexual fantasies.

THURS JAN 28 8:00 PM



### RAVEN'S END

Like Truffaut, Bo Widerberg enlivens drab situations and bleak stories with warmth, humor and poetry. *Raven's End* deals with a working-class family in Depression-era Sweden. What fascinates the director, however, are not generalizations about social conditions, but the individual characters and the frustration of their hopes. A wonderfully touching, understated film.—M.W. (1963, 100 mins. Starring Tommy Berggren and Kevé Ijelm. Courtesy of New Yorker Films.) 150:



### TORMENT

A turning point in the Swedish cinema—confirming Sjöberg's position as the leading new director, and the arrival of Bergman, who scripted the film. A harsh tale of an adolescent's first contact with adult evil, shot in a shadowy, expressionistic way and thus prefiguring Bergman's

own early work. A youth in his last year at school is tormented by a sadistic master—taking refuge with a shop-girl he finds her terrified by an unknown man.—M.W. (1944. Starring Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling. 100 mins. Courtesy of Janus Films.)

### INTRODUCTION BY HARRY SCHEIN, CHAIRMAN OF THE SWEDISH FILM INSTITUTE

During the silent period, Sweden was an important film producing country. Swedish films, primarily those directed by Mauritz Stiller and Victor Sjöström (Hollywoodized to Seastrom) were shown all over the world. While some people remember Stiller as the man who discovered Greta Garbo and brought her to Hollywood, students of cinema know him as one of the great pioneers in the history of films. Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, always acknowledged his debt to Stiller's *Erotikon*, one of the first sophisticated film comedies. The great Russian directors, Eisenstein and Pudovkin, often admitted how much they owed to Victor Sjöström.

The arrival of sound created language barriers and swiftly reduced the market for Swedish films to the number of people understanding Swedish—less than the population of New York City.

It took 25 years to break the language barrier. Ingmar Bergman served as an efficient ice breaker. And he was followed by the new wave of permissiveness which reached Sweden two or three years before it arrived in the United States. Differences in moral attitudes between two countries can often be reduced to a difference in time.

The sudden renaissance of Swedish film has, like many sudden happenings, some disadvantages. To the world audience of today, Swedish films are synonymous with Ingmar Bergman—and with sex; Bergman without a past, sex without a future.

The purpose of this Swedish film program, to be presented, more or less simultaneously, in Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, is to show that Bergman has a past and that sex is not an end; that there is a present and a future in Swedish films beyond Bergman.

Swedish films have never been artistically more vital than today. Swedish film production has an economically sounder foundation than in any other country, primarily due to a system in which high quality awards make daring artistic experiments as profitable as box office successes.

This system has been in operation for more than seven years. During that period, one third of all Swedish feature films have been made by debutant directors. Two thirds of all our films are made by directors who made their first film during the last seven years.

Some of the directors of this new generation are internationally well known. Bo Widerberg (*Elvira Madigan*), Vilgot Sjöman (*My Sister, My Love and I Am Curious*) have had great commercial success in the United States. And Kjell Grede, Johan Bergenstråhle, Jan Troell, Mai Zetterling and others have had an ample share of festival awards.

Swedish film makers enjoy total creative freedom, which makes it more relevant to consider each artist separately than to generalize about national characteristics.

Swedish films today are distinguished by their individuality; the use of the camera as an instrument of personal expression. And yet, Swedish film makers live in Sweden and they are, like all people, aware of the social crises of our world and our time.

To illustrate this outstanding achievement, the American Film Institute has chosen around 30 films, spanning more than 50 years. There are, of course, many alternatives to selections of this kind. But no alternative is better than the opening program—a film by Stiller hardly remembered in the United States, and a film by Ingmar Bergman that is totally different from what you are used to. Bergman's first documentary, *Bergman* using the film language of the youngest film generation, not only exploring the mind of mankind but also its social environment.

No one can like all the films in this program. But I do hope that you will enjoy some of them and that the program in its entirety will give you a better idea about Swedish films—and Sweden.

SAT JAN 23 8:00 PM

### THE FATHER

A controversial adaptation of Strindberg's play by Alf Sjöberg, one of Sweden's most versatile stage and film directors. The concept of the film was developed in Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theatre, and it is played, brilliantly, by the same cast. Sjöberg is best known for another Strindberg adaptation—*Miss Julie* (showing Jan. 30). *The Father* is a striking tribute to the freshness of a classic play and a veteran director. The battle of the sexes, the tensions within a family are powerfully realized.—M.W. (1969, 90 mins. Starring Georg Rydberg, Gunnel Lindblom and Lena Nyman. Color.) Also:

### THE YANKEE

An extraordinary first feature, powerful, direct and honest. A young girl gets pregnant and for security goes to live with an older boy who lives by petty crime. The two leading parts are played uncannily well, enlivening the sordid aspects of the story. The director Lars Forsberg is a film critic and journalist; his film, like *The Father*, was a co-production of the Swedish Film Institute and Swedish Television.—M.W. (1970, 90 mins.)



TUES JAN 26 8:00 PM

### LOVE AND JOURNALISM

This featurette was Stiller's first important work, and it is absolutely delightful. An enterprising young lady journalist gets herself a job as the maid in the house of a returned explorer in order to be able to scoop her colleagues with a piece on his private life. Naturally enough, they fall in love. Such is the degree of Stiller's sophistication that this absurdly simple story suffices as the basis of a film whose charm has lost nothing with the passage of time.—R.R. (1916, 36 mins. With Karin Molander, Richard Lund.) Also:

### THE GIRL FROM STORMYCROFT

Bergman's ability to conjure up the past convincingly is well-known: Seastrom's evocation of the bigotry and humanity of a 19th century rural community is no less striking. The story—of how a young man's marriage is broken off because he has taken into his house an unmarried mother—is hard to relate to, but the fine performances and pictorial beauty make the effort worthwhile. And there's a fine dramatic climax.—M.W. (1917, 80 mins.) Both films courtesy of Svensk Filmindustri. Piano accompaniment.



### How to become a member

Telephone, write or come into the AFI Theatre: 554-1000, 2:30 - 7:30 pm daily. Regular membership subscriptions detailed on inside back cover. Group membership rates on request. Temporary memberships (good for one month) are \$1.50 at the door. All members receive regular illustrated program brochures and may buy tickets in advance for themselves and up to two guests.

### How to obtain tickets

Tickets are generally available at the door; however, by booking in advance you guarantee yourself seats and avoid standing in line for tickets on the night.

Personal and mail ticket applications are now being accepted for the Swedish program and the series of adventure films for children playing every Saturday and Sunday at 3 pm. Ticket application form enclosed. The box office is open 2:30 - 7:30 pm daily.

Member tickets: \$1.25

Guests: \$1.50

Children under 14 (any number accompanied by a member) \$.50

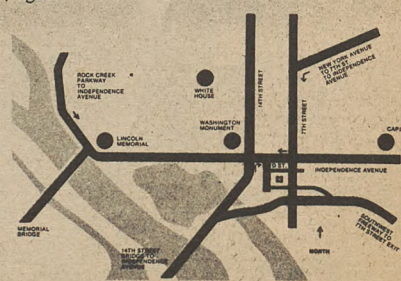
### Our grateful thanks are due to

His Excellency Hubert de Besche, The Ambassador of Sweden; Ingrid Arvidsson, Swedish Cultural Attaché; Harry Schein, Bo Jonsson, K-H Lindquist, Anna-Lena Wibom and Gun Hytten-Cavallius, all of the Swedish Film Institute; the

Swedish Information Office in New York; the Museum of Modern Art; the British Film Institute. Also to the Swedish and American companies credited in the brochure who have generously provided the films for this program.

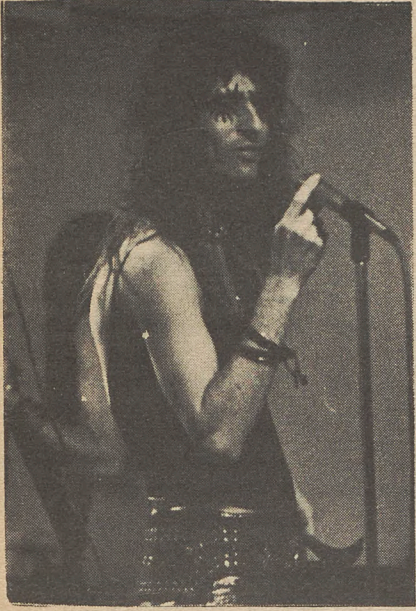
### How to get to the AFI Theatre

The Theatre is on the lower (parking) level of L'Enfant Plaza SW, a handsome new building in the center of Washington. It's two minutes' walk south from the Smithsonian. If you're coming by car, turn off Independence Avenue (under the columns of the Forrestal Building) or the South West Freeway. Follow the signs for the parking garage. Self-park your car for only 50¢ in a well-lighted, well-patrolled garage and walk a few steps into the Theatre. You can wait in a warm lobby for a cab—which we'll be happy to order. Seven bus routes pass nearby, and run until midnight.





# ALICE COOPER



It is more than time for reassessment of the role that music, art, and theatre play in our polarized sub-culture. Long accustomed to the difference between our life style and that of the occupying straights, we seem in danger of forfeiting our responsive sensitivity, of succumbing to an inundation of sensory dead-ends brought on by ourselves as well as by the surrounding masochistic multitudes.

But is it possible to fuse music with shock, theatre with sensuality, and consequently create a hybrid of nova experience? Should we not attempt to dynamite the lethargy and placidity that so stealthily confines us in our collective psychic quagmire? Is it possible to penetrate this drag cocoon and lift our libidinal shroud?

The strange five-headed hydra known as Alice Cooper is committed to this precept, one which employs the use of invocation for calling out demons to shake the settled cobwebs. By no stretch of the imagination can this pentangle be branded guilty of normalcy and banality. From their very inception, Alice Cooper have stirred strongly mixed reactions in everyplace they have descended. And descended is a fitting term, for it seems that Alice Cooper, a band that thrives upon audience reaction, advances on the crowd from the summit of an abstract elevation. By stealthily sneaking into the membrane of the collectively attendant body, they permeate the cold, free the warmth, start the spurt, and forcefully drag the body into their own private vision of psychic perplexion.

The formation and origin of Alice Cooper must be known in order to comprehend the band's musical philosophy. Originally assembled in Phoenix, Arizona, Alice soon migrated to teeming, plastic, kill-competitive Los Angeles. It was there, in that sprawling, hyperactive goiterland of southern California, that they distinguished themselves by grossing out the relatively ungrossable Angelenian freaks. Long immune to such cultural oddities as mammary factories producing slabs of dangling silicone, drive-in sunrise religious services, and venereal diseased pre-pubescent groupies, Alice proved to be too much for many. For Alice Cooper possessed an uncanny talent, that of thoroughly nauseating their audience to such an extent that, before the completion of a set, they would, more often than not, find themselves reverberating in a hastily deserted amphitheatre. Undaunted by this reception, they played on, finally garnering the attention of head Mother Frank Zappa, who immediately signed them to his vinylally adventurous Straight Records.

Leader Alice Cooper is chief instigator, vocalist and occasional harmonicist. Gifted with a sinewy, feminine leonity and a maniacally obsessive stage presence, Alice comes on with all the gentility of a sadistic laser beam. Bouncing and twitching around his liberated kingdom, he exudes an enchantingly fascinating combination of hostility and bewitchery. Using emphatically relevant stage props, such as a long, menacing phallic-like staff and a psychologically concept-laden portable door, Alice punctuates the aura created by the lyricism and music.

His cohorts in decibelic mayhem each effectively add to the totality. Lead guitarist Glen Buxton carries a razor-sharp axe which cuts in and out with melodic stiletto swiftness. Orgasmic bassist Dennis Dunaway gyrates and vibrates to his own substantial throb, at times seeming to become a personified spastic note. Piano, organ and rhythm guitar are interchangeable to Michael Bruce, whose versatility and especially fine texturic keyboardry lend substance to the many underlying layers of melody. And pendulum swaying, pulsating Neal Smith ties the musical fabric tightly with his wildly imaginative usage of any and every percussive device that comes within grasp of his fluidly whirling tentacles.

The image projected by the unified entity of Alice Cooper is important in understanding them. For Alice looks wild, wilder than the wildest in a time of the wild. Their outrageous and outlandish appearance bodes one to prepare for the unexpected. Garbed in costumes that can best be described as twenty-first-century-acid-head-mod-transvestite, they slither on stage and proceed to freak the audience by merely gazing at random. Silver sequined jump suits, past-the-armpit loosely-hanging coiffures, false eyelashes, pancake-thick make-up, paint-tight leotards, leather microskirts, Marquis de Sade riding boots, they suggest a fantastic fusion of Buck Rogers with psychopathia sexualis. All that frill and lace and silk and shine — and still the countenance of a guerilla outfit poised to attack — Alice Cooper is the living embodiment of those dangerous freaks that the straights keep shouting about.

But Alice's originality delves substantially deeper than mere attire. Their perspectives are centered around theatricality. It is this overbearing interest that places them in the forefront of a small number of experimental pioneer rock bands who are seeking to achieve communication through total sensory penetration. And it is in this area, an area dealing with transference of sensuality, conveyance of vitality, and ultimate portrayal of the energy-life-force, that Alice strives to explore.

Fortunately, leader Alice is himself an expressive and convincing spokesman. The term "honest confusion" is one that he frequently uses to talk about the band.

"Confusion of an honest and spontaneous type is effective in that it motivates us as well as the audience. People are confused when they see us. They don't know what we are. Sometimes it even looks like we don't have a grip on ourselves, that we might be confused. That just isn't true, because if there is anything that is essential to our performance, it is complete control of our theatrics. We always have our hands on the reins."

"When the people find out that a cat has to be brave to sit in the front row, then we know we're doing something right."

And from that statement emerges another salient point concerning the group. Alice Cooper intends to create a ripple of revulsion, an undercurrent of anxiety. They are cognizant of and believe in the theories first hypothesized by the French visionary-genius-madman Antonin Artaud, conceiver of the Theatre of



Cruelty. Julian Beck and his Living Theatre, a creative and dedicated group of midnite genii, have extended Artaud's principles onto the contemporary stage, therein creating an amorphous, encompassing, experimental theatre revolving around sensuality and shock effect. Alice Cooper is engaged in the adaption of these same principles to the world of rock.

For Alice Cooper desires to be more than just another in a seemingly endless procession of faceless sound merchants. They are aware of an oncoming schism in rock attitudes. They believe that there is a mental revolution to be won before physical revolution can be earnestly and seriously discussed, much less initiated. Their music is slanted more toward psychology than audiology. They are the antithesis of those sterile and uninvolved computerized musical robots, those who can only stir excitement by the playing of a wrong note. They have a constant realization of the energy flowing between actor and reactor. They attempt to dabble in cerebrospinal alchemy, to possess the power of fluctuating themselves and their audience, inducing purposeful phaseouts flitting from joy, to fear, to sorrow, yet able to halt at any desired junction along the gamut of sensory emotionalism. For such is the path to unbridling the corseted libido, long submerged and confined by the invisible pressures emanating in an unfeeling, immobile society.



Alice Cooper became incredibly hard to write about. Much better than any one had imagined, they proved to be not just theater, but music — and good music, whether it was hard driving rock or acid conception. Obviously tight from time together, that quality has been captured on their new album to be released by Warner Brothers sometime in February. This excellent analysis of their thematics comes from the Detroit rock magazine, CREEM. It says succinctly what we were at a loss to say. WW.

Photos by Peter Banner





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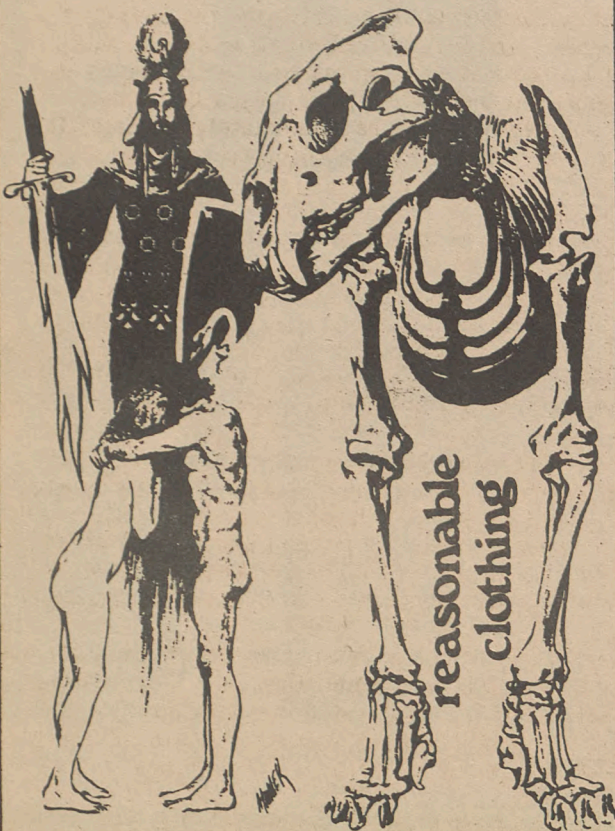
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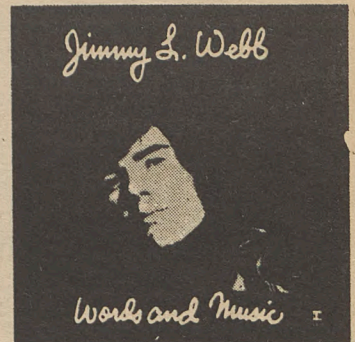
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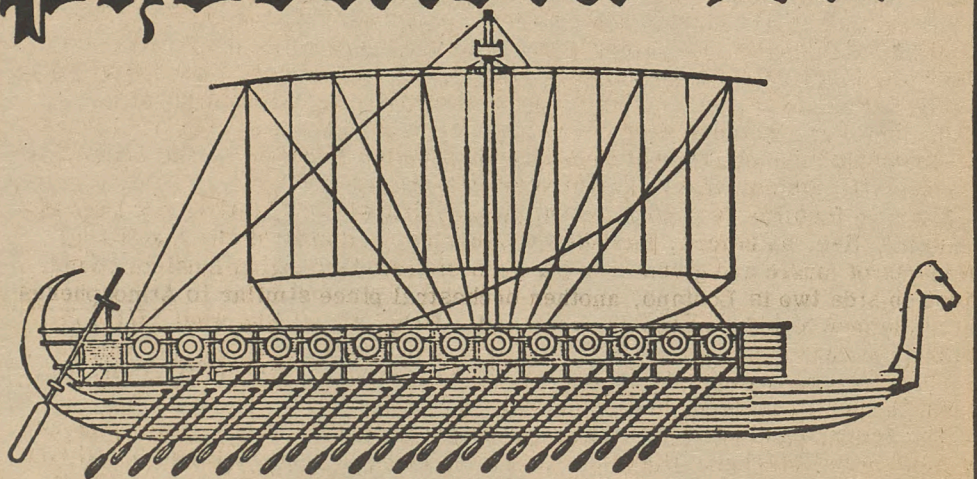
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LIGETI BY HELIODOR/WERGO

One of the most fortunate occurrences in the last five years for interesting classical music has been the establishment and flourishing of a small recording company. Its founder is Werner Goldschmidt, and he has named his company after himself: WERGO. He operates out of Baden-Baden, a city in the southwest of Germany. In his own home town live the usual compliment of fine musicians one finds in virtually every German city. Most notable in Baden-Baden is the South West German Radio Symphony Orchestra, which is based there. Dr. Goldschmidt has used this extremely fine ensemble for many of the records which he and WERGO have made.

Dr. Goldschmidt is interested most of all in very recent music, and he has very good taste in picking it. In addition, he insists upon fine performances, the best possible engineering for his products at every stage of their development, and a very generous supply of good program notes.

Within the last year, Dr. Goldschmidt and WERGO have been given something of a boost in the difficult process of making their discs known in the United States. WERGO's gigantic sister company, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, has decided to re-package, translate, and distribute a number of WERGO's discs in this country and in England. Among their first few discs, none stand out so much as a pair of records featuring the music of the Hungarian composer now living in West Berlin, György Ligeti.

If you saw the film, 2001, A Space Odyssey, you heard some of Ligeti's music. For example, whenever the slab appeared in the film, the soundtrack burst out with part of Ligeti's Requiem. During the 'trip' sequence near the end of the film, the soundtrack accompaniment was Ligeti's Atmospheres.

Heliodor/WERGO features two full recordings of Ligeti's music, at a price slightly less than regular records and slightly more than budget records. The quality of performance, engineering, and program-notes has carried over from Dr. Goldschmidt's original standards. The two records provide a full introduction to Ligeti's music to anyone who feels inclined to pursue it.

The earlier disc, Heliodor/WERGO 2549 003, features four pieces, while the later disc, Heliodor/WERGO 2549 011, has three pieces. Although Ligeti's music is not as diverse as many composer's, these two discs cover the range of it very well.

The earlier disc is conveniently divided into two parts. Mr. Ligeti's output has thus far been in one of two basic styles; this disc features one side with two pieces in one of the two styles, and one side with two pieces in the other. Side One shows Ligeti's 'theatrical' style, being given over to two similar and related pieces. One is called Aventures, and the other called Nouvelles Aventures. The instrumentation and players are the same in both pieces. In each, there are three vocal performers and seven instrumental performers. The music features not words, but syllables. Sometimes the vocalists grunt, whine, whistle, squeak and otherwise implore each other, themselves, or perhaps even the composer. The intent is unclear, but the effect is surrealistic. Each piece is very precisely composed, and each musical effect is intentional. The sound texture is sparse; strange and unner-ving sounds occasionally break through a general silence.

Side two features Ligeti's 'new impressionism' style; the music which is used in 2001. The side begins with Atmospheres, performed by the South West German Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ernest Bour. This is the performance which was used on the soundtrack of the film. Atmospheres features slowly-moving bodies of sound. The texture is full, and the gobs of sound ooze about, flowing from one configuration to another. Clusters, non-melodic twitterings, and many similar techniques are used by Ligeti to create a new impressionistic sound-universe. Melodies, harmonies, counterpoint, as we know them from more conventional music, are not present.

Side two finishes with a performance of the original version of the piece for organ, entitled Volumina. In this piece, Ligeti pursues the same esthetic goals described above for Atmospheres. There are again no melodies, harmonies, or conventional counterpoint. Volumina even features a score in which the gobs of sound are drawn, graph-like, rather than notated exactly, as in Ligeti's other scores. Looking at the score, with or without musical training, one can almost find and follow the sounds as they proceed left to right across the page. Karl-Erik Welin performs this piece quite well.

The second disc features three pieces, all more or less within the 'new impressionism' style. Side one is given over to the Requiem, for Soprano, Mezzo Soprano, two choirs, and orchestra. Here the symphony is the Hessian Symphony and the conductor is Michael Gielen. They are assisted by the Bavarian Radio Chorus, with Wolfgang Schubert as its director. The Soprano is Liliana Poli, and the Mezzo-Soprano is Barbro Ericson.

The Requiem is Ligeti's most ambitious mature work thus far. It lasts but 20 or 25 minutes, but it calls for many singers and a large orchestral ensemble. Etherial sounds and strange, disturbing sounds alternate in this piece. The religious service officially mourning a person's death provides Ligeti with a format for squeezing considerable expressiveness and diversity from his admittedly singular style. Though basically remaining true to the stylistics of his 'new impressionism' throughout the Requiem, Ligeti occasionally tempers the mixture with moments which remind one of the Aventures or Nouvelles Aventures. In such a foreign context, these moments have especially powerful effect. At other times, Ligeti resorts to musical sounds and structures which are more reminiscent of other composers' music than is usual for Ligeti. Particularly in his soloists' parts does this happen. Throughout the work, however, the composer never loses control of his material. It is truly a momentous accomplishment to create an effective Requiem in this seemingly non-dramatic idiom. Ligeti does it very well indeed.

Side two features two more recent pieces, still within Ligeti's 'new impressionism'. Here, as before, melodies, harmonies, and most of the traditional elements of music are given over for gobs of slowly-changing musical sound. First on side two is Lontano, another orchestral piece similar to Atmospheres but using new techniques to achieve sounds. Here, if you like what Ligeti is doing, you cannot get enough of it. If you do not like it, then Lontano will do no more for you than did Atmospheres. The South West German Radio Symphony Orchestra is conducted by Ernest Bour, again.

The second band on side two is a piece for harpsichord, Continuum, played by Antoinette Vischer. The piece goes very fast and is played mechanistically. Mr. Ligeti prefers another performance not available in this country, but even Miss Vischer's clockwork interpretation lets one appreciate what Ligeti is doing. He has set for himself the task of achieving the same kinds of slow changes and subtle metamorphoses on a harpsichord that he had been getting from choruses and orchestras. To do this, he had to repeat notes, rather than sustain them.

To understand this, think about singing a single note for fifteen seconds. You can do it. A chorus of twenty soloists can sustain a few notes and change them about with ease. On a harpsichord, you cannot sustain a note, however! To create a similar effect, you must strike the same note many times in succession. The effect is different, and yet the same. Continuum is an interesting piece.

So, buy these two discs. The one with Aventures and Nouvelles Aventures on one side and Atmospheres and the organ piece Volumina on the other is numbered: Heliodor/WERGO 2549 003. The one with Requiem on one side and the Lontano and the harpsichord piece, Continuum on the other side is Heliodor WERGO 2549 011.

Dr. Goldschmidt has another Ligeti recording in the works. On it will be a performance of his newest completed piece, a Chamber Concerto for 13 Players, a work called Ten Pieces for Woodwind Quintet, and a work which I have heard entitled Ramifications, for 12 solo strings. Let us hope that the disc will soon be out, and that the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and their American branch, Polydor, Inc. will see fit to bring this new Ligeti recording into their new Heliodor/WERGO line.

## IANNIS XENAKIS' ELECTRO-ACOUSTICAL MUSIC

In the years since his first orchestral piece in 1954, the transplanted Greek composer, Iannis Xenakis, has been influencing a wider and wider circle of composers, listeners, and critics from his twin home-bases in Paris and Bloomington, Indiana. At the present, it appears likely that Xenakis' influence will rise sharply in the years immediately to come. It is even possible that his music will come eventually to occupy a place in the 1960's and 1970's comparable to Webern's music and its dominance through the late forties and fifties.

Xenakis's qualifications as undeclared leader of the musical world are many. His music is intellectual enough to lure into his camp several of the more mathematically-oriented composers left over from the waning Webernisms. On the other hand, his music sounds beautiful and simple, much of it. This attracts musicians of an opposite, more direct temperament. Xenakis has trained as a mathematician and architect, and the shapes he creates and deals with in these fields are obvious to those who listen to his music.

Most of Xenakis's influence and reputation rests upon his instrumental and orchestral pieces. Nevertheless, both at the beginning of his composing career and also quite lately, he has worked with electronic music. Currently, Nonesuch has brought out a recording featuring the last and longest of his early electronic works, as well as recently-revised versions of his other two electronic pieces of early vintage. The number of this disc is Nonesuch H 71246.

These pieces are extremely interesting and rewarding to listen to over and over again - a characteristic uncommon for electronic music. The earliest piece is entitled Diamorphoses, and it is presented in Xenakis's new version. He calls it Diamorphoses II. It is relatively short, and quite interesting just to listen to. It has less of the quality of science-fiction film sound-effects than is usual for electronic pieces.

The other two newly-revised pieces are called Concret P-H II and Orient-Occident III. The former is very short, indeed, and sounds like martian frogs croaking or small glass rods breaking. The latter features recognizable sounds, echoing the title.

One whole side is taken up by Bohor I. Except for the recent and very long Kraanerg (75 minutes), Bohor is Xenakis's latest and longest electronic work. It is like Orient-Occident III in that it features actual sounds and evokes exotic sound-landscapes. Unlike the earlier work, however, it uses the sound in a thoroughly abstracted and structural way. The work bombards its listeners, but not with loud or meaningless ugliness.

All in all, the disc is an extremely attractive introduction to quality electronic music. The record-jacket art is based upon architectural drawings which Xenakis later turned into sounds. These pieces indicate to a perceptive listener where music might be going. They help answer the question, "Why electronic music?" They provide good listening.

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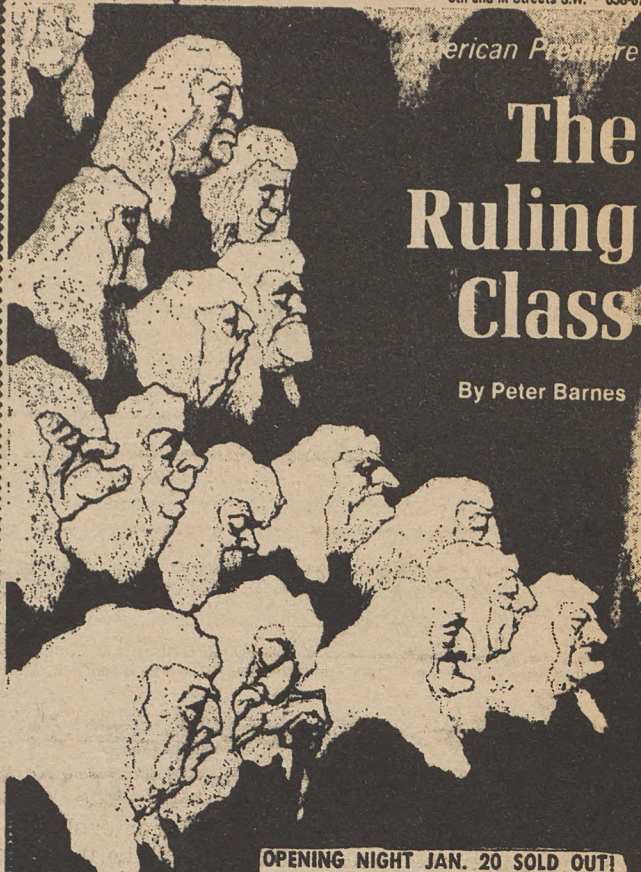
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John Steinbeck, THE GRAPES OF WRATH

"It is a fixed law of organic evolution that those primitive animals that put on armor would never again escape that shell. The turtle, the armadillo, and all the other mammals, reptiles and especially insects that mutated to wear a protective coat to shield themselves against other forces in nature would never again be freed by mutation from that dead end. Their state and position in biological time stopped, and they have remained unchanged for millions of years. When the waves of impressions of Southeast Asia hit me... I understood that this biological law was intellectually and emotionally true as well."

John Steinbeck IV, IN TOUCH

Steinbeck IV expects to be compared to his father; he spent several pages of introduction mulling over the problem, so I will comply. One of the philosophical premises underlying both of the above quotes is survival of the fittest. And even though Steinbeck the elder was known for favoring the underdog, his underlying belief that man's higher evolution was due to his fighting and struggling to the point of violence may be the reason he did what only appears as an about-face to the right in his later years. His son, on the other hand, has moved from right to left (I suppose we're stuck with those terms) in his youth; after participating in the war, he has become an opponent, rather than a supporter of the United States' involvement in VietNam. In the bargain, he has unwittingly found himself a spokesman for beleaguered grass-smokers, and by extension, a spokesman for his generation on many aspects of youth culture. At least that is how Steinbeck sees his role.

Much of the book comes on like an apologia: see mom and dad, were not really so bad if you try and understand us---actually we're just like you. Steinbeck is trying to explain to the "adults" their offspring's preference for marijuana, meditation, and peace. He concludes that this culture has evolved from the kids learning only too well what they've been taught. The other element in Steinbeck's theory of the non-generation gap is that young people have always brought about what seems to their elders to be changes, but that this is, again, a sort of natural, biological evolutionary type of thing:

"Americans were isolationists before World War II, and our statesmen saw the folly of that course; but by trying desperately to prevent that attitude from being repeated our statesmen have steered us into a position where we really are piteously isolated... In trying to protect us from the horrible lessons they learned in their time our parents have truly doomed us to repeat mistakes. After I had been in VietNam for a while I (and many others) could not continue to feel that it was my generation's war... I think my generation may arrive later at its own war (perhaps a holy war), but this isn't the stimulus in VietNam."

Steinbeck spends most of the first section telling about his adventures in VietNam, most of which have to do either with whoring or smoking (what else was there to do?). He tells how it was difficult to convince people back in the States that more than half the GIs in Nam smoke grass, and it seems that current TV documentaries and senate committees stating the same fact two years after Steinbeck wrote this book (it was published in hardcover a few years ago) still evoke disbelief and outrage from much of the public.

Steinbeck's pot bust occurred after he returned from Nam. He was stationed in D. C. with the Army Chief's Office of Information. As he tells it, the events leading up to his arrest were a comedy of circumstances. Steinbeck became friends with a writer in the army information office, and one of the things they had in common was smoking grass. The friend, who was doing a free-lance article on Ian Fralich, introduced Steinbeck to the "hippie leader". Steinbeck is a little vague about the extent of his friendship with Fralich; even after he had been cleared of the pot charges, he somewhat snobbishly refused to admit he was a friend of Fralich's. He says that had it not been for the furor over grass, he probably would have lost contact with Fralich when he made other (we suppose socially more acceptable) friends in D. C. The only reason he got friendly with Fralich in the first place, Steinbeck says, is that he was lonely. So for something interesting to do, he sometimes dropped into the Source, Fralich's headshop, to talk or buy a pipe to smoke the Viet-Nameese grass he had brought back to the States. He also just happened to help Fralich move to a farm in Virginia where Fralich hoped to grow his own. Because all of Fralich's friends were afraid of being busted if he stayed with them, Good Samaritan Steinbeck let Fralich and two girlfriends and a sizeable amount of grass crash at his apartment. Fralich was busted before he had time to do any planting on his farm and before he had a chance to get the grass out of Steinbeck's pad--which Steinbeck had demanded he do (even though Steinbeck at one point apparently had his own Vietnamese stash). Steinbeck was sought by the narcs because he accidentally found out Fralich was going to be arrested ahead of time, and again, accidentally called the Source to find out if it had been raided, thus unintentionally tipping off whoever was there of the impending raid.

I found Steinbeck's description of the interrogation by the narcs humorous. He soon realized that his best posture would be that of "the concerned researcher and onlooker." After the interrogation had been underway several moments "the two agents had started to take notes on their little pads. I decided it would be wise if I did likewise. After I reached down and took a note-pad out of my attache case, the tone and content of the questions... did take a tremendous shift. With patronizing interest they began to ask me more about how I felt concerning the research I had accomplished so far."

What he told the agents exemplifies the attitude he took at his trial, and his later testimony before the Senate Subcommittee to investigate juvenile delinquency (the text of his statement is included as an appendix) and forms the theme of his book. He told the agents:

"Anyone who thinks young people today who use marijuana are just going through a stage and will grow out of it is very wrong. The beliefs and attitudes which make young people today behave the way they do have the same depth and conviction as those which made their parents go to war a generation earlier. Their energy is the same and can be seen in the rioting in the streets and on the campuses for what many of them now think is just and right. And no matter what, their feelings about the world are the result of their environment; they did not pick up these ideas abroad; and they were not duped by some Red conspiracy."



Perhaps it is superfluous, but I will be superfluous anyhow and say that this book would not have come into being had the author not been the offspring of a celebrity. Steinbeck IV is well aware of this. But what can he do? If you're the son Steinbeck--"the conscience of America", as Steinbeck the younger puts it---and you get busted for pot and the press and then a Senate subcommittee make a big deal of it, and some publisher wants you to write a book, you might as well take the opportunity (after you've sated their appetites for details of conversions under fire and smokey busts) to write what's really on your mind, which at the time this book was written was transcendental meditation.

And that's what the last chapter, "At Ease", is about. I think this last section contains the best writing in the book. The first two sections are reportorial in both function and diction, but in this last chapter Steinbeck really is at ease making up analogies, making up stories of an imagined prototype youth named Chuck, rambling on about how he really can't describe what transcendental meditation is or why it is good. He says that meditation reminds him of "my mother telling me that it didn't matter whether I liked carrots or not when I was a little boy; just go ahead and eat them anyway---good for you. And when I wanted to be able to play the trumpet beautifully, and I balked at practicing, I was urged to... just practice every day and I would amaze myself... And the fact of the matter is the method worked and I came to love playing the trumpet. And yet I suppose parents will be getting uptight about meditation; they won't see it as the same kind of thing as eating carrots or playing the trumpet."

Steinbeck is saying something beautifully here. Yet I don't think I like what he is saying: See, mommy and daddy, even though I'm past the carrots and trumpets stage, I'm still a good boy. Meditate---that's how I show my blind belief in authority now.

This has turned out to be what is known as a mixed review. It's like this: much of what Steinbeck has to report I already know, much of what he tries to convince the reader of I already take for granted; but most of his reflections on the youth culture, whether or not I agree with them, I find provocative.

JUDY WILLIS



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# 20 EASTERN CALENDAR

Once again, the Art Department at Eastern High School (D.C.) has produced a fine work of art, their third annual calendar, "Discovering Our City, The Washington We Know". Proceeds from the linoleum block-printed calendar will go for much needed art supplies and materials. Last year the money was also used to fund field trips to galleries and tickets for the circus.

This year, art students at Eastern plan to paint murals for the school. But artists' supplies are still high on their list of priorities. "When we began publishing the calendar, the whole art department had only a couple of cans of paint. This year, even, we don't have any yellow paint!", said Eric Robinson, responsible for the June design on the calendar.

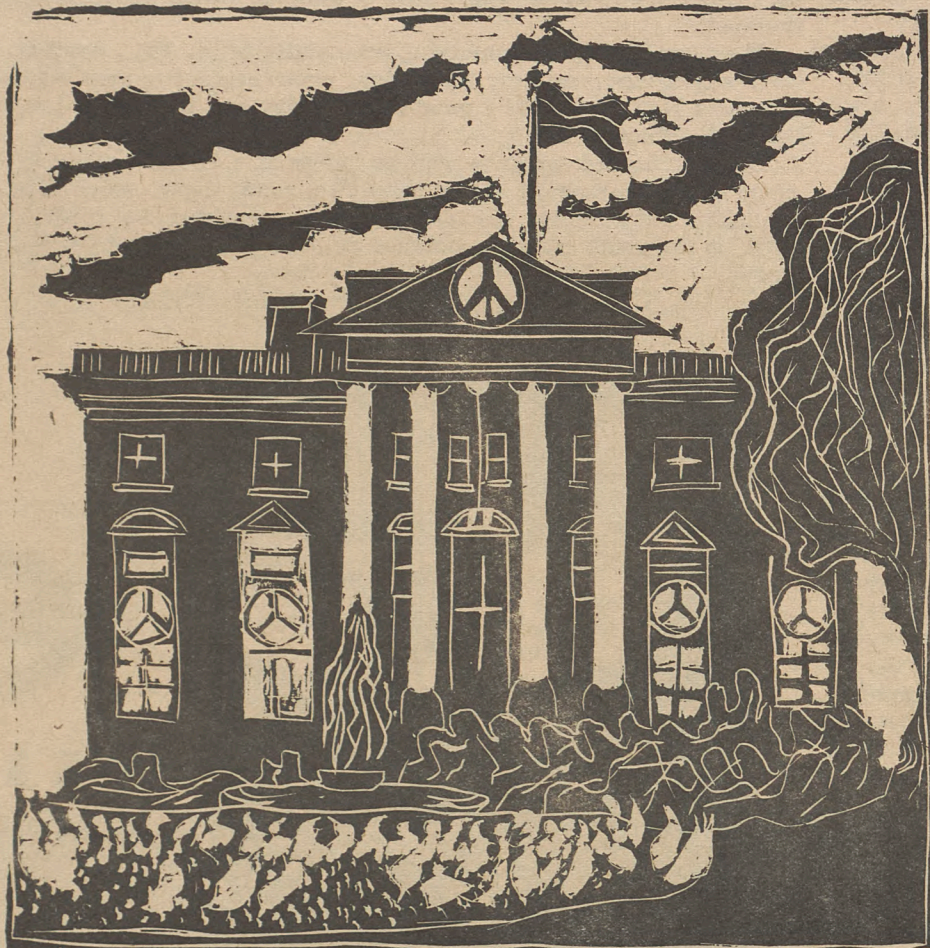
The efforts of Eastern's students to produce the calendar has been spear-headed by Terry Covarevich, an art teacher at Eastern who strongly feels the need for channeling more funds into art education. Last year she helped her students to start a literary arts magazine "Right On", which was the combined effort of over 100 students. The publication included original graphics, poetry and prose, and was made possible through a grant from the Teacher Innovation Fund for the District of Columbia Public Schools' Office of Staff Development.

But being published and having galleries display their work has been over-emphasized, according to Terry. She feels the need for the school system to recognize the importance of educating students in the arts and helping them to appreciate the role of art in their lives.

Money from the calendar will go to support this program. The cost is only \$2.00 and one can purchase the calendar at any of the following galleries in town: Lunn(Georgetown and Capitol Hill), Protech-Rifkin; Horn; Jane Haslem and the Fendrick Gallery.

It makes a great gift, not only for your friends, but also for the students at Eastern.

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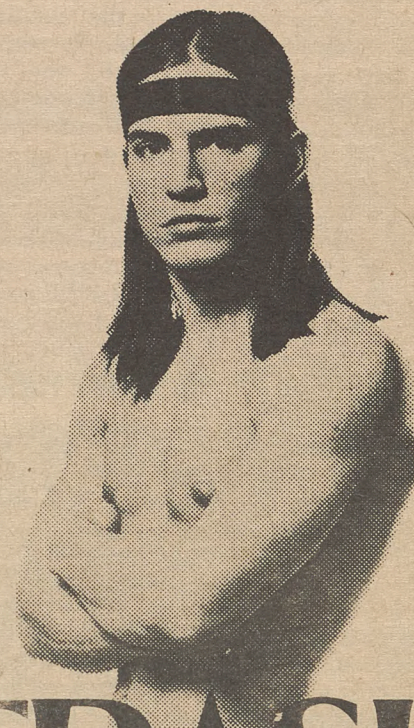
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A brief wrap-up of the rock scene, as it exists in the limited facilities of Washington. About the only places to see rock now are Emergency in Georgetown, the Cellar Door (occasionally), or Barry Richards' gigs in the suburbs. No concerts have taken place since the Byrds, though Joan Baez is at Catholic University this weekend (January 16).

The Cellar Door is still showcasing mostly established talent, like Jimmy Webb (see separate story in this issue), with people like Emmitt Rhodes, Livingston Taylor, Cowboy and others coming in.

Emergency has featured the best of the local groups, and has also worked as a proving ground for several new ones. Before Christmas, GRIN proved to be possibly the strongest act to come out of Washington in many years. While everybody waits impatiently for what is sure to be a fine album, they continue to pack people in wherever they play. I guess it has something to do with the quality of the music they play. People don't sit still for GRIN, they move and dance and sweat and most of all, have a good time. Emergency was packed during their gig there, a good thing for another band working with GRIN. ITCHY BROTHER is composed of former sections of Stillroven and Little Willie and the Sweetarts. They've only been together for over a month, and already they show a tightness and discipline that must be received as a good omen. Doing some interpretations (though not of the typical songs one might find) as well as some very fine original material, ITCHY BROTHER stand a very good chance of making it big in a musical scene that becomes ever so much more demanding. The direction of their original material is both comprehensive and cohesive - not just ideas, but developments. A hand very much worth keeping an eye on.

CLAUDE JONES is also into good vibes --- pretty much the perfect band to have playing for you over the Christmas holidays, when you want to have some gentle moments for yourself and your friends. Happy (who's beginning to feel his own way at lead guitar now that Peter's gone) plays a very mellow axe. Mellow --- a very good word for the band, too. It seems that every time I see this group, they become more of a family and less of a 'band'. And the good thing about it, of course, is that this feeling is conveyed to and assimilated by the audience... sort of an ethical circle of friendship.

The weekend of January 10th was a sad one for Washington. It marked the departure of SAGEWORTH AND DRUMS for the wilds, first of Vermont and then of California. Six months ago, Sageworth was just another average, perhaps less than average, band. But something happened because all of a sudden, they were one of the best bands in town. No lie. At the free concert at L'Enfant Square, many people walking toward the music mistook them for the Jefferson Airplane, so tight and together did they sound. And from there, they just kept getting better, working up more original material and getting it on in fine fashion. California will be good for them, because what awaits them there is Sergio Mendes' recording studio and a chance to make what is sure to be a dynamite album. Goodbye to Sageworth, and best of luck in the future.

On the bill with Sageworth was a New York based group called REPAIRS. They had an interesting make-up --- drums, electric bass, and three acoustic guitars (with electric guitar thrown in occasionally). A good portion of their material was C, S, N & Y derived, and they had the same elements of good harmonies. But they went quite far beyond mere imitation, with both good original material and non-derivative interpretations. The lead guitarist of the group was particularly outstanding, both acoustically and electrically. Outstanding was a funky version of Long Time Coming, where the shift from acoustic to electric and back was very well carried out. The group received an outstanding reception from the Emergency crowd both nights they played.

And finally, BUDGIE. For a long time, I walked by JAMF on M St. and saw the name at the bottom of practically every bill that played there, so I figured... well, I don't know what I figured. Then a friend said that maybe I should go hear them because they really were fine. So I went. Blew my mind. BUDGIE is Peter Muller and Steve Davis and two acoustic guitars. Together they make some of the best music to be found, and that's perhaps an understatement. You can sense that they've played together for quite a while. It shows, both in the subtle interchanges of the guitars and the sense of oneness they provide. Both Steve and Peter play excellent guitar, with Peter at times showing the same crystal precision of such noted sidemen as Bruce Langhorn or David Rey. Both have extremely listenable and soulful voices, particularly well-suited to their material. And the material is excellent in itself. Budgie is not adverse to doing other people's material - people like Steve Stills or Neil Young (the songs those people wrote for themselves, not their group). But when you've got a wealth of good original material to choose from - from the funky Badman to the lyrical South by Southwest - you might as well share that with your audience, and that's what Budgie does best. This week they are at JAMF in Georgetown, where they play from 8 to 10pm. Next week you can find them at Tammany Hall (next to the Circle Theater) and then they'll probably be back at JAMF. Take the time to listen to them, because things are going to start moving for BUDGIE - that's a safe bet.



This fine original etching, titled "Seated Nude", has a fine history. It was done by artist John Sirica for the benefit of the Washington Free Clinic. All work and material were donated by John, and now the prints are available at Georgetown Graphics (3209 O St., NW). Cost is only \$15, with all proceeds going to support the clinic. This is one particular example of an artist and a shop-owner caring for the welfare of the people. Patronize, and consequently help the clinic.

#### KOANGA

The week before Christmas (long ago now) the Washington Opera Society gave our community a glimpse into the future of operatic production - one important aspect of it, at least. Ron Chase, a sculptor, film-maker and multi-media artist of taste and distinction, gave the opera society's American premiere production of Delius' KOANGA a notable visual character.

The opera itself was written late in the Nineteenth Century by Frederick Delius. He was a wealthy English composer who was allowed to spend some of his youth tending his family's properties near Jacksonville, Florida. Out of this period comes his earliest popular composition, the Florida suite, and the neglected opera, KOANGA.

The story of KOANGA is fully operatic in its impossibility, its reliance upon chance, its relentless melodrama. Unlike many operatic stories, however, the frothy and old-fashioned heroics conceal in KOANGA a story-line of real worth. Basically, the story is set around 1800 in New Orleans, and it deals with black slaves.

Koanga is the name of an African prince and voodoo priest. He is captured, shipped to New Orleans, and sold as a slave. His owner also possesses a beautiful, light-skinned black girl, Palmyra. Intrigue, secrecy, jealousy, revenge, betrayal, etc. etc. follow upon these basic story factors, but the idea of slavery and freedom is never obscured. It gives KOANGA some kind of narrative strength in spite of the twists, turns, and impossibilities.

The music is unabashed Nineteenth Century romanticism, and not terribly good for all that. It might be argued that Frederick Delius wrote fine music just after KOANGA, but the opera itself is but a precursor of things to come.

The production was notable for a complete lack of conventional sets. Ron Chase's slides took the place of backdrops, furniture, etc. To my way of thinking, it was only when Mr. Chase chose to use the medium of motion picture film that he faltered. It is worthwhile to note that both Mr. Chase and the entire cast, director, musicians, and all had far less time to prepare this impressive show than usual. KOANGA was a last-minute replacement for the earlier-scheduled FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS by Virgil Thompson which was cancelled.

I could see the effects of hurry only in the film, and perhaps in the diction of the singers. The words being sung by soloists or chorus are rarely distinguishable to an opera audience completely, but they are also rarely as incomprehensible as they were in KOANGA.

So. The orchestral players, the director, the conductor, the composer, the chorus, the soloists, and most particularly of all the multi-media 'set'-designer combined to produce a very memorable experience. I am not normally an opera-lover, but I enjoyed KOANGA very much. I am looking forward to seeing more of Mr. Chase's work, and I hope that our local opera company can continue its very good work.

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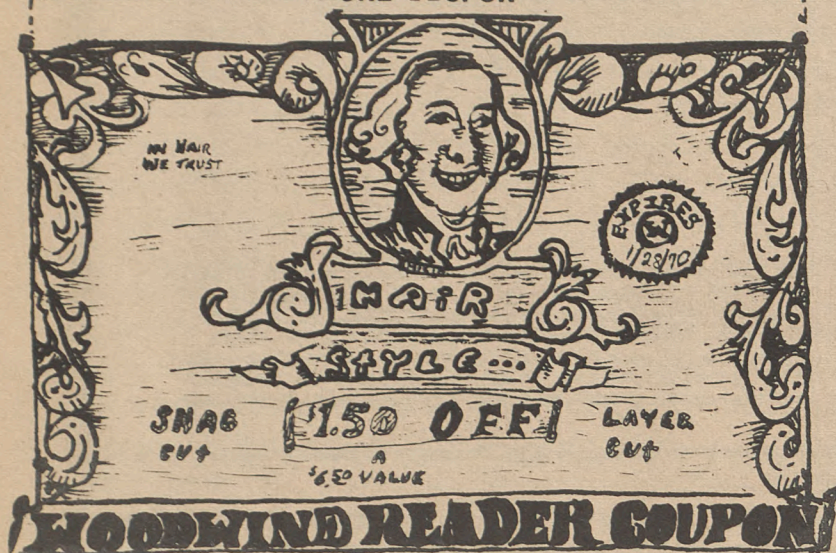


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## Coming Performances

### January

- |       |  |
|-------|--|
| 11-16 | 1. Odetta<br>2. Scott McKenzie                     |
| 18-21 | 1. Livingston Taylor<br>2. Janey and Dennis        |
| 22-24 | 1. Emmitt Rhodes                                   |
| 25-30 | 1. New Kingston Trio<br>2. Jimmie Andreas Spheeris |

### February

- |       |   |
|-------|---|
| 1-6   | Les McCann                                |
| 8-13  | 1. Alex Taylor<br>2. Cowboy               |
| 15-20 | 1. Ian and Sylvia<br>2. Andy Wallace      |
| 22-27 | 1. Young-Holt Unlimited<br>2. Joe Farrell |

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January 16	Alice Cooper Emitt Rhodes film: Jesus Christ Super Star
Jan 23	Joan Baez Steppenwolf film: Elton John



FRIDAY, JANUARY 15

1 & 3:30pm- PINOCHIO (Children's Theater with puppets) at National Theater  
8pm- HAPPY DAYS, at the Open Stage , Dumbarton Meth. Church, Georgetown  
8pm-film, "Spite Marriage" & "The Kiss" last silent films of Keaton and Garbo, at the AFI  
8:30pm-HAMLET at Hartke Theater of Catholic University  
8:30pm-Coffehouses at:  
IGUANA, 14th St. & Thomas Circle(church)  
AGAPE, 3400 block of M St. NW  
8 & 10pm-Joan Baez in Concert at CU

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16

10:30 am, 1, 4 & 7 pm- PINOCHIO at National Theater  
3pm-film, "The Pirate", at AFI  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage  
8pm-film, "Gaslight" at the AFI  
8:30pm-Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians, at Constitution Hall  
8:30pm-HAMLET, at CU  
9pm-Coffehouses (see Jan 15)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17

1 & 4 pm- PINOCHIO at National Theater  
2:20 & 7:30 pm-HAMLET at CU  
3pm-Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone , at Constitution Hall  
4pm-lecture, "Paul Valery's Approach to Art", Auditorium, National Gallery of Art  
5pm-Hirako Yakima, violin, Walter Ponce, pinao, at the Phillips (free)  
7pm- Concert, Pierre Huybregts, piano, National Gallery of Art, East Garden Court  
8pm-film, AFI (call 554-1000)  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage

MONDAY, JANUARY 18

4pm-Poetry reading at the Folger Library, William Stafford  
8pm-film, AFI, (call 544-1000)  
8:30-Theater Chamber Players, Washington Theater Club

TUESDAY, JAB

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19

10am & 1pm- PINOCHIO, at National Theater  
8pm-film, AFI (call 544-1000)  
8:30pm- National Symphony, Maxim Shostakovich guest conductor, Ronald Turinini, piano, at Constitution Hall

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20

10:30 am & 1:30pm-PINOCHIO, at National  
8pm-film, AFI (call 544-1000)  
8pm-THE RULING CLASS opens the Kreeger Theater at Arena  
8:30pm-National Symphony (see Jan. 19)

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21

10am & 1pm-PINOCHIO at National Theater  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage  
8pm-film-AFI(call 544-1000)

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22

1 & 3:30pm-PINOCHIO at National Theater  
7:30 & 10:30pm-JAMES BROWN at Loew's Palace  
8pm-film, AFI(call 544-1000)  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage  
9pm-Coffehouses, (see Jan. 15)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23

10:30am, 1 & 7pm-PINOCHIO at National  
5, 8 & 12 pm- JAMES BROWN at the Palace  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage  
8pm-film, AFI (call 544-1000)  
8:30-Higo Winterhalter at Constitution Hall  
9pm-coffehouses, (see Jan. 15)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24

4pm-National Symphony Orchestra, all-concerto program  
4pm-lecture, "Ingres in Rome", National Gallery of Art, Auditorium  
5pm- Martha Anne Verbit, piano, at the Phillips (free)  
7pm- William Whitesides, tenor, Gertrude Kuekefuhe, piano, National Gallery of Art, East Garden Court  
8pm-film, AFI, (call 544-1000)  
8pm-HAPPY DAYS, Open Stage  
8:30pm-Jamboree USA, with Lynn Anderson, at Constitution Hall  
8:30 & 11pm-JAMES BROWN at the Palace

MONDAY, JANUARY 25

7:30 & 10:30pm-JAMES BROWN at the Palace  
8pm-film, AFI, (call 544-1000)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26

8pm-film, AFI(call 544-1000)

CONTINUING OR CO MING EVENTS

At Ford's Theater, JOHN AND ABIGAIL by William Gibson  
At Arena- THE RULING CLASS  
At the Open Stage, HAPPY DAYS  
At Washington Theater Club, LITTLE BOXES  
At Theater Lobby, THE AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD  
At the National(opens the 25th) , Paul Zindel's AND MISS REARDON DRINKS A LITTLE with Julie Harris and Estelle Parsons  
At the Coliseum(Jan. 19-Feb.2) ICE CAPADES

THE INNER CIRCLE PRESENTS

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EVENINGS, SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS, HOLIDAYS \$2.00  
CHILDREN \$1.00 AT ALL TIMES

**STARTS SUNDAY, JANUARY 17**

SUN. THRU WED. JAN. 17-20	<i>The Magician</i>	&	<i>Smiles of a Summer Night</i>
THURSDAY JAN. 21	<i>Brink of Life</i>	&	<i>Torment</i>
FRI. THRU SUN. JAN. 22-24	<i>Virgin Spring</i>	&	<i>Through a Glass Darkly</i>
MON. THRU WED. JAN. 25-27	<i>Illicit Interlude</i>	&	<i>Devil's Eye</i>
THUR. THRU SAT. JAN. 28-30	<i>Silence</i>	&	<i>Winter Light</i>
SUN. THRU TUES. JAN. 31-FEB. 2	<i>Monika</i>	&	<i>All These Women</i>
WED. & THUR. FEB. 3-4	<i>A Lesson in Love</i>	&	<i>Secrets of Women</i>
FRI. THRU SUN. FEB. 5-7	<i>Persona</i>	&	<i>Hour of the Wolf</i>
MON. THRU WED. FEB. 8-10	<i>Shame</i>	&	<i>Naked Night</i>
THUR. THRU TUES FEB. 11-16	<i>Wild Strawberries</i>	&	<i>Seventh Seal</i>

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